

THE
DEVIL
UPON
TWO STICKS.

Newly Translated from the
DIABLE BOITEUX
OF
M. LE SAGE.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES,
A CRITICAL LETTER upon the Work;
And DIALOGUES between some CHIMNEYS
of MADRID.

The SECOND EDITION.

In TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

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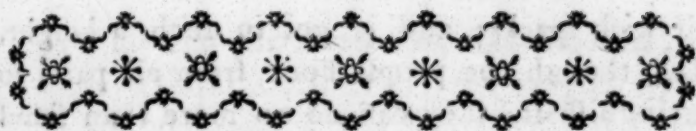
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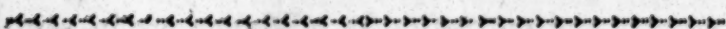
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THE
DEVIL
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CHAP. I.

An account of the fire, and what Asmodeus did out of friendship to Zambullo on that occasion.



HEY immediately heard the confused voices of different people, some crying out fire, others calling for water. Soon after they beheld the great stair-case, which led to the principal apartments, all on fire, and after that, clouds of flames and smoke bursting through the windows.

THE fire rages excessively, said Asmodeus; it is already got to the top of the house, and begins to make its way out of it, and fill the

air with sparks; and is got to such a height, that, though the people flock from all parts to extinguish it, they can do no more than stand by as spectators. You may distinguish from amongst the croud an old gentleman in a night-gown; he is the Signior de Escolano. How he cries and takes on! he calls out to the people that are about him, and conjures them to go fetch out his daughter; but the great reward he promises them is to no purpose, for no body will expose his own life for that lady, who is a perfect beauty, and but sixteen years of age. He tears his hair and mustachios, seeing his prayers and entreaties for assistance are in vain; he beats his breast, and out of excess of grief behaves like a madman. On the other side, Seraphina, in her apartment, deserted by her women, is swooned away with the fright, and will soon be stifled by the thick smoke, for it is out of the power of mortal man to help her.

AH! Signior Asmodeus, cried Leondro Perez, moved by a generous compassion, yield, I beg you, to the emotions of pity which I feel, and do not reject the entreaties I make you to rescue this lady from impending death. It is the only recompence I ask for the service I have done you. Do not oppose my desires, as you did just now, for I shall die with grief if you refuse me.

THE daemon smiling to hear the student
talk

talk thus, Signior Zambullo, said he, you have all the qualifications of a true knight errant; you are courageous, you feel for the sufferings of others, and are extremely devoted to serve the ladies; have not you a mind to throw yourself into the midst of those flames, like an Amadis, in order to deliver Seraphina, and restore her safe and sound to her father? Would to heaven the thing were possible, answered Don Cleofas, I would undertake it without a moment's hesitation: Yes, replied Asmodeus, and death would be the reward of so fine an exploit. For I have already told you, that it is not in the power of man to save her; and therefore, to satisfy you, I must undertake the affair; pray see how I go about it, and observe all my operations.

THESE words were hardly out of his mouth, when putting on the likeness of Leandro Perez, to the student's great astonishment, he slipped among the croud, pressed through, and darted into the midst of the flames as into his proper element, in the sight of the spectators, who were terrified at the rashness of the action, and shewed their dislike of it by a general shriek. What madman is this, said one, how can interest have blinded him so far? Were he not entirely bereft of his senses, the promised reward would have been no temptation for him. This rash young fellow, said another, must certainly

be a lover of Don Pedro's daughter, who, pushed on by excess of grief, must have resolved to save his mistress, or perish with her.

IN short, they gave him up to * Empedocles's fate, when in a moment they saw him break through the flames with Seraphina in his arms. The air rang with the acclamations of the people, who could not sufficiently praise the brave cavalier, who had performed so glorious an achievement: for when rashness is crowned with success, it finds none to blame it, and tho' it was a prodigy, it appeared as the bare consequence of Spanish courage.

As the lady was still in her swoon, her father did not dare to give himself up to joy; but was afraid, that, after being so happily rescued from the flames, she might die in his sight, by the terrible impressions which the danger she had run must have made on her brain. But he was soon put out of his fears, for she came to herself by the care that was taken of her; and looking upon the old gentleman in an affectionate manner, Sir, said she, I should be more afflicted than rejoiced to find my life preserved, if yours was not so too. Ah! my dear child, answered he, embracing her, since you are safe I am not concerned for any thing else. Let us

* A Poet and Philosopher of Sicily, who threw himself into the flames of mount *Ætna*.

return our thanks, continued he, at the same time presenting the counterfeit Don Cleofas to her, let us both return our thanks to this young gentleman our deliverer, it is to him you owe your life. We can never sufficiently shew our gratitude, nor is the promised reward sufficient to bring us out of his debt.

UPON this the dæmon replied in a gallant and polite manner, my lord, the reward you proposed had no share in the service which I have had the happiness to do you. I am a gentleman and a Castilian; the pleasure of drying up your tears, and of preserving from the flames the charming object they were going to consume, is more than a sufficient recompence for me.

THE disinterestedness and generosity of their deliverer inspired the Signior de Escolano with a vast esteem for him: he invited him to come and see him, and desired his friendship in return for his own, which he offered him; and then, after a great many compliments on both sides, the old gentleman and his daughter retired to a little apartment they had at the end of the garden. After this Asmodeus went back to the student, who, seeing him return in his first form, said, Sir dæmon, either my eyes deceive me, or you were just now in my likeness. Yes, Sir, said the cripple, I was, and hope you will pardon me for it, when I acquaint

you with the reasons for that transfiguration. I have formed a great design, for I intend you shall marry Seraphina, and, under your features, have inspired her with a violent passion for your lordship. Don Pedro too is very well pleased with you, because I told him very gallantly that my only view in rescuing his daughter was the pleasure of obliging them both: and that the honour of happily putting an end to so dangerous an affair was recompence enough for a gentleman and a Spaniard. Don Pedro Esculano has a great soul, and will be out-done by no man in generosity, and, I must tell you, is this moment considering whether he shall not make you his son-in-law, that his gratitude may keep pace with the obligation he imagines he has to you.

BUT let us leave him to come to some resolution, and in the mean time, I will carry you to another place, and divert you with different objects.



CHAP. II.

The lovers.

I Must own, says the student, the observations you have made are very instructive, but
tend

tend to things for which a man of my age and complexion has but little relish. You are to remember it was a love-adventure brought me into the honour of your conversation; and, dear Cupid, since you preside over that passion, confine your discourse to what you are matter of. Shew me then the joys and anxieties, the politicks and follies of lovers, if you would improve me in a real useful knowledge. I should be shy, said Asmodeus, of giving you that information, for fear of losing a votary, did not I know it is an inseparable quality in lovers to see, and yet indulge their misery and weakness; for which reason I am under no apprehension of your growing wiser from the folly of others. But pr'ythee, cried Cleofas, before you go any farther, let me know what that gentleman is, who is striking fire at his tinder-box; do you observe yonder, how he appears and vanishes as the sparks fly about him. That vigilant person, replied the cripple, is a lover, who has been this evening in his mistress's company. She, in her discourse on indifferent things, began two or three censures with an accustomary phrase of hers, "there are some people in the world." This he took no notice of at the time she spoke it; but, upon second thoughts, in his own lodgings, very wisely discovered that she meant him by that ambiguous expression. After taking several turns in his cham-

ber, he called for pen, ink, and paper, kicked his footman down stairs, and resolved to tell his mistress plainly, he knew whom she aimed at in her late reflections. He had not gone through the first line of his letter, before he was interrupted by a sudden thought which set all things right again: convinced him that his suspicions were without foundation, and that he was still in her good graces. He immediately grew the most satisfied man in the world, went to bed in the height of good humour, gave his man a crown, and bid him good night. What disaster, says Zambullo, can have befallen him since? He seems to blow his tinder in an unusual hurry; how his cheeks swell, and his eyes glare! It is the most dreadful night-piece I ever saw. You must know, says the dæmon, he had composed himself with great tranquillity for half an hour, and was just falling asleep, when he started on a sudden, and bethought himself if she did not mean him, who could she mean. This threw him into so great a ferment, that he jumped out of his bed, with a resolution to do something which yet neither he nor I know any thing of. I heartily pity the poor fellow, said the student, for I find he loves in earnest. Had he not, replied Asmodeus, she had been his own before now; but it is the frailty of that weak sex to prefer a feigned passion to a real one. That is a frailty, says Cleofas,
into

into which they may naturally fall. A personated lover can assume all the graces, and avoid all the imperfections of the passion. Disquietudes, jealousies, and expostulations always accompany, but very ill recommend, a heart thoroughly enamoured. But look, the man has lighted his candle, and put it out again. Ay, says Asmodeus, he was quieted the very moment he had lighted it, by calling to mind that he had one day heard his mistress say, nothing was so graceful in a man as an high forehead, which you may observe he has, to the apparent detriment of his chin, cheeks, and eyes. On how slight a foundation is raised the good and evil of lovers! cried the student. Perhaps she who creates all this disorder is now in perfect tranquillity. That you shall see immediately, said the dæmon: Cast your eyes on the great house in the corner of the same street; does not a watch-light discover to you a lady lying half out of her bed, and talking to a servant, who sits by her side? You are to understand, by the way, that the woman of a lady in love never goes to bed till four in the morning. As soon as she has undrest her, and laid her on her pillow, her business of putting her to rest is but begun; for she is then to sit down by her, hear her sentiments of the humble servant, and confute all her suspicions of his infidelity or want of love; and, by that time the good lady

is ten times thoroughly convinced, and her maid as often perjured, in hopes to be dismissed, the story is to begin again. The present anguish of our wakeful vestal is occasioned by a merry tale that the gentleman in his shirt told her in their last conversation, which diverted her so much, that she is afraid he has not sorrow at heart, who could talk with so much humour: 'This gives her a thousand fears, that he has broke his fetters; but she now receives comfort, the wench having almost persuaded her, that the person for whom her ladyship has so much tenderness went away in very great disorder, and in all probability is at this moment upon the rack.

I KNOW by experience, says Zambullo, there is nothing so disagreeable to one in her ladyship's condition as a state of indifference; your true lover must be always giving either pleasure or uneasiness. But who is that beautiful creature sighing before her glass at this time of night? Why does she bite her lips, glance her eyes, and examine her face in so many different views? You know, Sir, said Asmodeus, the custom, among you young fellows, of publishing a list every winter of the beauties who are to be the tyrants of the year, and have their healths drank by crouds of second lovers, that never saw them, but are to be enamoured by hear-say, and die for them because it is the fashion.

fashion. The lady before us, after a reign of three years, was left out in yesterday's nomination, which is the subject of her present contemplation; wherein she appeals to her glass, from the injustice of the electors. To be revenged on the town; sometimes she is resolved to marry a faithful lover she has long laughed at, and spend the rest of her days in devotion; but, upon surveying herself more narrowly, she finds things are not come to that extremity, and now intends to dress, and try the fortune of her features in all publick places for one year more, in order to revive her pretensions against the next election. But we must not dwell so long on particulars, if you would have an idea of the extent of my command; you see my followers in every quarter of the city.

YONDER is a young lady getting out at a window, to run away with her father's valet; and at that corner is a lord attending with a coach and six, to steal a mantua-maker's journey-woman. The gentleman you see in the porch has made an assignation to meet his mistress in that place to-morrow at seven, and, in order took his station there at ten last night. Excuse interruption, said Don Cleofas; pray tell me the circumstances of the person yonder that lies on his back with his hands lifted up, and his head erected, like a figure on a tomb; he seems falling asleep in an act of devotion; he

is the only person I have seen well employed; he is taken up much better than in these vanities. Nothing less, answered Asmodeus; helies motionless, as you see, that a plate of black lead on his forehead may have its due effect in preserving it smooth. His hands are tied up, that they may be white in the morning; and his waist braced in with an iron bodice, to preserve his shape. In this odd posture he is calling upon cruel Belinda; and, amidst a thousand cutting reflections on the ill success of his passion, it is no small mortification to him, that, by the itching of the left side of his nose, he finds he shall have a pimple there before morning.

BUT pray tell me, says Cleofas, the history of that studious gentleman that stands in his night gown looking upon his candle. He rubs his head, as if it teemed with some extraordinary project. Hah! my old friend Leandro, says the dæmon, are you there? This gentleman, says he, turning to Cleofas, about fifteen years ago, fell in love with a young widow, who did not discourage his addresses. He is a good-natured sensible fellow, and fond to death of his fair idol; but at the same time so over-run with modesty, that he cannot find courage enough to disclose his passion, and ask her consent. She has given him a thousand opportunities of breaking it to her, and he has made as
many

many resolutions of doing it the next time he sees her; but they are no sooner left together, than he falls into confusion and palpitations, looks like an ass, and wishes somebody would come into the room to disembarrafs him, and spoil an opportunity, that, perhaps, he has longed for several months before. She took him yesterday into the fields. The lover, who would have given half his estate for so favourable an opportunity, fell o' praising the prospect, and, after a great many efforts to enter on the grand affair, resolved to put it off to another time. His passion began in the year 1692, and in 1695 was in a fair way, had he pressed it; ever since that time he has been endeavouring to communicate his heart, but it fails him, and it is very probable he may be past the functions of love before he has courage enough to make it. This would have been a rare fellow to have made love before the flood, says the student; a man might have languished an hundred years for a girl, and afterwards, upon her disdain, have had two or three centuries of youth to take in; but, at present, courtship, marriage, and consummation are drawn into a span. We must huddle up our amours as soon as possible, if we intend to taste the sweets of them. But, said the cripple, commend me to that busy gentleman whom you see writing in a pensive posture.

ture. He is a passionate lover, that is, an angry one: An honest soul; that shews his sincerity to his mistress, by never disguising his resentments. This morning he took the innocent freedom of shaking her by the shoulder, and calling her a dirty slut; upon which, after having deliberated whether he ought to hang himself or beg her pardon, he has just now finished a penitential letter to her, wherein he subscribes himself the vilest of men, and the most miserable of lovers.

MISERABLE wretch! let him go sleep, if he can, said Cleofas; but I grow sick with looking upon fools so like myself. You would oblige me more, if you would shew me the weakness of the enemy, and let me see, that, with all these disadvantages, we are equal to the sex we have to deal with. There is hardly one of them, said the devil, who does not destroy, by her insolence, the passion she raises by her charms.

If you had as good ears as I, you would hear that lady, who frisks to and fro in her apartment with so much uneasiness, crying coxcomb, fop, clown, novice, at every little stop she makes in her walk. Her misery is, that according to form, she told a plain fellow with a good estate, who proposed himself to her, she was amazed he could make her such an offer, and solemnly protested she could never like him:

him: The swain believed her, and is gone to his country seat; upon which she is now casting about, by what means to explain to the rustic the nature of gallantry, and make him understand, that a man's profession of love, and a woman's refusal, in this refined age, are equally meer words.

BUT I observe a lady, who of all that I have seen, said Zambullo, touches me with the greatest compassion; her streaming eyes, and disheveled hair, speak a perfect Magdalen: What can be her distress? Who could be so barbarous to a creature made up of so much softness? That disconsolate dame, cried the daemon, was three hours ago one of the greatest coquets in Madrid, and is breaking her heart too late for want of knowing it time enough. She had long loved a gentleman of merit, but played with his passion and her own by so many repeated flights, that he grew tired of the chase, and yesterday disposed of himself to another. It is for this reason that she abandons herself this night to prayer and hartshorn, and intends tomorrow to shut herself up in a nunnery for ever. It would be in vain to shew you the vanities of the sex; their thoughts, words, and actions, tend only to shew and ostentation, for which they sacrifice their liberty, and all the delights of life. Look at the sumptuous apartment in that palace, and the wrought bed that reaches

reaches up to the roof of it. Do not you see in it an old man just fallen asleep, and by his side a beautiful young lady looking at a picture in miniature. The avarice of her mother tore her from the young gallant whose figure she is contemplating, to bury her in the embraces of one she detests. And now all the hopes she has left are, to lay her old man in a winding-sheet, and one day or other come into the arms of her first lover. At the next house is a more diverting sight: The brute who staggers into that chamber is reeling to the bed of that delicate creature, whom her prudent parent prostituted to his embraces. The beastly sot was rival to one of a very agreeable character; their fortunes were equal, but I dare say you will laugh at the merit which preferred this worthy to the choice of the provident mother. You must know he had a pidgeon-house upon his estate, which the other had not. This turned the balance in his favour, and determined the fate of that unhappy lady.

IF you can shew us only unhappy effects of this passion, said Cleofas, I must desire you would entertain me with another set of objects. Do not be discouraged, answered Asmodeus, at the prospects I have laid before you. 'There are in nature pleasing amours and happy marriages, but these are not to be looked for in Madrid. To give you a sight of happy pairs,

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I should transport you to solitudes and retirement, where love is a stranger to art and gallantry, and lives amidst its own natural sweets, complacency, mutual esteem, and eternal constancy; without being diverted by the false appearances, which, under the colour of advancing its enjoyments, vitiate the real relish of them. It is when we spirits behold mortals in this condition, that we suffer our greatest pangs of envy, and wish for flesh and blood to taste the gratifications bestowed upon them.



C H A P. III.

Of the tombs, the ghosts, and death.

WE will for a while, said Asmodeus, suspend our examination of the living, and for some moments interrupt the repose of the dead. Let us run through these sepulchres in this cathedral, and lay open what they conceal, and see wherefore they were erected.

THE first of those which you see on the right hand contains the sorrowful remains of a general officer, who, like Agamemnon, at his return from the army, found an Ægisthus in his house. In the second is a young cavalier of a noble family, who, designing to shew his mistress

tres his address and vigour at a bull-feast, was cruelly torn to pieces by one of those animals. And in the third lies an old prelate, too soon hurried out of the world by making his will in perfect health, and reading it to his servants, to whom, like a good master, he had left legacies. But his cook became impatient, and would wait no longer for his legacy.

IN the fourth tomb rests the body of a courtier, who never gave himself any trouble but to make his court. For sixty years he was every day seen at the levee, dinner, and supper of the king, who loaded him with favours as the reward of his assiduity. But, really, said Zambullo, was this man good for any thing else? For no kind of thing, answered Asmodeus: He was lavish of his offers of service, but never in his lifetime kept his word. The wretch! replied Leandro. Were all superfluous members to be retrenched from civil society, this sort of courtiers ought to be the first.

THE fifth mausoleum, pursued the cripple, contains the remains of a nobleman, whose zeal for his country's good, and his sovereign's glory, was ever uppermost in his heart. His whole life was spent in embassies to Rome, France, England, and Portugal; and he so fairly ruined himself by them, that when he died, he had not enough to bury him; but the king, to reward his services, was at that expence.

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LET us go on to those on the other side. The first is the sepulchre of a great merchant, who left his children an immense fortune, but, for fear their wealth might make them forget from whence they sprung, he has his name and profession engraved upon his tomb; which his present descendants are not very well pleased with.

THE superb tomb next to this, which exceeds all the rest in magnificence, is a piece looked upon with admiration by all travellers. Why really, said Zambullo, I think it deserves to be so looked on. But I am, above all, charmed with those two figures kneeling, they seem so admirably well finished. Whoever made them must have been a curious artist. But pray tell me what the persons they represent might have been in their life time.

You see, said Asmodeus, a duke and his wife; he was groom of the stole, and filled his post with great reputation, and his wife lived in a strict devotion. I must let you into a circumstance of his good duchess's life, which I fancy you will think merry enough, in one who professed so much devotion. And it was this.

THE lady had long had for her confessor a monk of the order de la Merci, named Don Jerom d'Aguilar, a good man, and very famous for his preaching; with whom she was very well pleased, till a Dominican appeared at Madrid,

drid, who by his sermons delighted all the people. This new orator's name was father Placidio. The people flocked to hear him, as much as to cardinal Ximenes. And the court having been pleased to go to one of his sermons, upon his great reputation, was better pleased with him than the city.

OUR duchess at first made it a point of honour to hold out against common fame, and to resist the curiosity that inclined her to go, and be herself the judge of father Placidio's eloquence; and she behaved in this manner, to shew her director, that, like a penitent, who was delicate and concerned for her confessor, she had a share in those sentiments of anger and jealousy which this new comer might have given him. Yet there was no possibility for her always to hold out against him: The Dominican made so much noise in the city, that at last she yielded to the temptation of seeing him: and did see him, heard him preach, relished his doctrine, followed him, and at last the little inconstant creature formed the following design, in order to make him her confessor.

BUT her first step was to get rid of her former, and this was not very easy; for a spiritual guide is not to be left like a lover. A devotee would not willingly pass for fickle, nor lose the^{re} esteem of the director she is abandoning. What then does our duchess, think you? She
goes.

goes to Don Jerom, and tells him with as melancholy an air as if she had been really concerned; Father, says she, I am distracted, I am inexpressibly amazed, afflicted, and perplexed in my mind. What is the matter then, Madam, cried d'Aguilar. Ah, would you believe it? replied she; my husband, who always reposed an entire confidence in my virtue, after seeing me so long under your direction, without shewing the least uneasiness at my conduct, is all of a sudden grown suspicious and jealous, and will not suffer you to be any longer my confessor. Did you ever hear of such a whim? I told him he not only affronted me, but likewise a man of strict piety, and one who was free from the tyranny of the passions; but all is to no purpose, I only increase his mistrust by taking your part.

DON Jerom, notwithstanding all his good sense, gave into the story. Indeed she had told it with an air that would have deceived any body. Though he was sorry and vexed to lose a penitent of such importance, he however exhorted her to obey her husband's will: But his reverence's eyes were opened, and he discovered the trick, upon hearing the lady had chosen father Placidio for her confessor.

NEXT to this duke and his cunning spouse, continued the devil, a plainer tomb conceals the ridiculous conjunction of an old dean of the council

council of the Indies and his young wife. This old fellow in his grand climacteric married a girl of twenty; he had two children by a former wife, and was just going to disinherit them, when an apoplexy carried him off: and their mother-in-law, four and twenty hours after, died with vexation that he did not die three days later.

WE are now at the most sacred monument in this church. The Spaniards have as much veneration for it, as the Romans had for that of Romulus. What great man is it whose ashes lie there? said Leandro Perez. A first minister of the court of Spain, answered the cripple. Never will the kingdom perhaps enjoy his equal. The king threw all the care of the government upon this great man, who so well discharged his trust, that both the king and his subjects were very well pleased with him. The state, under his administration, was always in a flourishing condition, and the people happy. In short, this able minister was a man of great religion and humanity: Yet, for all he had no crime to charge himself with on his death-bed, he could not help trembling to think of the ticklish post he had been in.

A LITTLE beyond this minister, whose loss deserves to be for ever lamented, you may distinguish up in a corner a black marble stone fixed to one of the pillars. Shall I open you
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the grave under it, and shew you the remains of a citizen's daughter, that died in the flower of her age, and whose beauty charmed all eyes that beheld her? Yet she is now nothing but dust, though, whilst living, she was so lovely, that her father was under continual uneasiness lest some lover should run away with her, and had she lived a little longer, such a thing might have happened. Three cavaliers, who idolized her, were not to be comforted at the loss of her, and killed themselves to shew their despair. Their tragical story is written in letters of gold on that marble stone, with three small figures representing three despairing lovers, who are going to make an end of themselves. One of them is swallowing a glass of poison, the second falls upon his sword, and the third is putting a cord about his neck, in order to hang himself.

THE dæmon seeing the student laugh here very heartily, and please himself mightily with the sight of the girl's epitaph being adorned with those three figures, said to him, since this fancy so delights you, I can hardly forbear carrying you this instant to the banks of the Tagus, in order to shew you a dramatic writer's monument, which he had built in a church at a village near Almarez, whither he had retired after leading a long and merry life at Madrid. This author had furnished
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the play-house with several comedies full of bold smutty images, but repenting before he died, and resolving to atone for the scandal they had given, he ordered a sort of funeral pile to be engraved upon his tomb, made of books representing some of the pieces he had written, and modesty appears setting fire to them with a lighted torch.

BESIDES the remains of the dead interred in those tombs I have shewed you, there are a vast number of others buried in a very plain manner. I see all their ghosts wandering about, continually walking to and fro by each other, without disturbing the profound silence that reigns in that holy place. They do not indeed talk together, but, notwithstanding they are silent, I read all their thoughts. What a mortification is this to me, cried Don Cleofas, not to be able to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them as you do! I can give you that satisfaction, said Asmodeus, with the greatest ease. At the same time the dæmon laid his hand on his eyes, and, by a delusion, made him see a great number of fleeting spirits cloathed in white.

AT the sight of so many spectres, Zambullo shuddered: How! said the devil, do you shake? Are you afraid of these ghosts? Do not let their dress scare you; accustom yourself to it betimes, for it is what you must wear
in

in your turn, and is the livery of the departed. Take courage then, and fear nothing. Can you want resolution now, who could bear the sight of me? These people are not half so mischievous as myself.

DON Cleofas, at these words, recalling all his courage, looked pretty boldly upon these phantoms. Observe these ghosts attentively, said the devil; those who have superb mausoleums are, without distinction, confounded with those whose monuments are no more than a pitiful coffin. That subordination, which distinguished them one from another, is now at an end. The great officer of state, and the first minister, are now no more valued than the meanest citizen that is buried here. Their grandeur is over with their life, like that of an hero of the stage, upon the conclusion of the play.

I OBSERVE one thing, said, Leandro; a melancholy ghost walking by himself, seeming to shun the company of his brethren. Say rather, that the rest shun his, answered the dæmon, and you will be right. Do you know what that ghost is? Why that of an old notary, who had the vanity to be buried in a leaden coffin; which has so shocked all the plebeian ghosts, whose bodies were more modestly laid in the ground, that, to mortify him, they will not suffer his ghost to mix amongst them.

I HAVE just made another remark, replied Zambullo; two of the phantoms, as they passed, stopt a moment to look at each other, and then went on. They are, answered the devil, the ghosts of two intimate friends, one of which was a painter, and the other a musician, a little given to drinking, but else very honest fellows. They died in the same year, and when they met just now, struck with the remembrance of their pleasures, they said by that melancholy silence, Ah! friend, our drinking-days are over.

BLESS me! cried Cleofas, what is it I see? At the other end of the church there are two ghosts walking together, but how ill they are matched! Their shape and gait is very different. One is unreasonably tall, and walks with all the gravity in the world, and the other is very short, and seems to be flying into the air. The tall one, replied the cripple, is a German, who got his death by drinking three healths with tobacco in his glass; and the short one a Frenchman, who, (according to the quality of his nation) taking it into his head to present a lady with holy water at her entrance into the church, the same day was laid flat with a blunderbuss, as the reward of his politeness.

I AM in my turn, said Asmodeus, observing three remarkable ghosts that I distinguish from

from amongst the croud, and I must tell you in what manner they were separated from their bodies. They formerly animated three actresses, who, in their time, made as much noise at Madrid, as Origo, Cytheris, and Arbuscula made at Rome in theirs; and who, as well as they, possessed, in the greatest perfection, the art of diverting men in public, and ruining them in private. But mark the end of these three famous Spanish actresses. One died suddenly of envy, at the pit's clapping a young actress at her first coming on the stage. The other found, in excess of good eating and drinking, the infallible death that is its consequence: and the third, overheating herself in playing the part of a vestal virgin, died of a miscarriage behind the scenes.

BUT let us leave all these ghosts at peace, continued Asmodeus, for we have seen enough of them: besides, I intend to present to your view an object that ought to make a stronger impression upon you, and will, by the help of the same power by which I shewed you the ghosts, make death visible to you. This cruel enemy of mankind shall be the subject of your contemplation, who is incessantly hovering over man, though he does not perceive him, and who, in the twinkling of an eye, traverses the universe, and, in the same moment, makes all

the nations that inhabit it sensible of the vast extent of his power.

Look towards the east, see there he is ! A vast troop of birds of ill omen fly before him with terror at their head, and proclaim his coming by mournful and deadly cries. His indefatigable hand is armed with a cruel scythe, under which successively fall all generations. On one of his wings are painted war, pestilence, famine, shipwreck, conflagrations, with the rest of those sad accidents which every instant deliver him up a fresh prey. On his other wing are to be seen young physicians taking their doctor's degree, in the presence of death, who gives them the cap, after swearing them never to practise physic otherwise than it is practised at present.

THOUGH Don Cleofas was pretty sure there was nothing real in what he saw, and that the devil shewed him death under this form, only to oblige him, yet he could not look on it without shuddering. However, he took courage, and said to the dæmon ; Will this frightful figure only pass over Madrid, without leaving some signs of his passage ? No, certainly, replied the cripple ; he does not come hither for nothing. And it is in your choice whether you will be witness of his operations. I take you at your word, replied the student ; let us follow him, and see upon what unhappy families

milies his fury will fall. Alas! how many tears are going to be shed! Doubtless, answered the cripple, and a great many counterfeit ones too; for death, notwithstanding the horror that goes along with him, causes as much joy as sorrow.

OUR two spectators took their flight, in order to follow death, and observe him. The first place he entered was a citizen's house, where the master was extremely ill in bed. He touched him with his scythe, and the good man expired in the midst of his family, which immediately formed a concert of sighs and groans. Here, said the dæmon, is no counterfeiting: the wife and children of this citizen loved him tenderly, and besides, they wanted him, for he was their support; there can be no dissimulation in their tears.

BUT it is quite otherwise as to what passes in that other house, where you see death is striking an old man in bed. He is a counsellor, who has lived wretchedly, and a batchelor, to amass vast riches for three nephews, who flew to his house the moment they heard he was drawing near his end. They have played their parts extremely well, by the shew of a prodigious sorrow. But see they are throwing off the mask, preparing to behave as heirs, after playing the grimace of relations, and going to rifle every where. What heaps of gold and

silver will they find ! Oh the pleasure ! said one of his heirs just now to the others ; oh the pleasure for nephews to have old stingy uncles, that renounce all the pleasures of life purely that they may enjoy them ! A fine funeral oration really, said Leandro Perez ! O, upon my word, replied the devil, there are few long-lived rich fathers that ought to expect any other, even from their own children.

WHILST these young heirs, in the height of joy, are in search of the deceased's treasures, death is making towards a fine palace, where lies a young lord sick of the small-pox. This lord, one of the most amiable persons of the court, is going to be cut off in his prime, in spite of the famous physician who has him under his care ; or, perhaps, rather, because he has him under his care.

OBSERVE with what rapidity death performs his operations. He has already determined the fate of that young lord's life, and is ready for another expedition. He stops over a convent, goes down into one of the cells, falls upon an honest friar, and cuts the thread of a penitent and mortified life, which he has led for forty years. Death, all terror as he is, has not alarmed him ; but in return, he is entering a palace which he will fill with terror : for he is making his approaches to a licentiate of quality, lately nominated to the bishoprick of

of Albarazin. That prelate thinks of nothing but his preparations for entering upon his diocese with all the pomp and splendor which now-a-days are inseparable from princes of the church; and death is, of all things, the farthest from his thoughts. Yet he is just this moment beginning his journey to the other world, where he will arrive with as thin a train as the poor friar, and I question whether he will be so favourably received.

O HEAVENS! cried Zambullo, death is going to pass over the king's palace, and I'm afraid the barbarian will with one stroke of his scythe put all Spain in a consternation. You have reason to tremble, said the cripple, for he has no more respect for kings than their domesticks; but take courage, added he a moment after; he has nothing to say at present to the monarch, but he is falling upon one of his courtiers, one of that sort of creatures whose only employment is to follow and make their court to him. They are easily spared, their places are so soon filled up.

BUT methinks, replied the student, death is not content with taking off that courtier, he makes another pause on the queen's apartment. He does so, answered the devil, and to do a very good work too: he is going to cut off a wicked old woman, whose pleasure lies in sowing division in the queen's court, and who fell

sick with vexation to see two ladies, whom she had set together by the ears, sincerely reconciled.

You are going to hear some very piercing cries, continued the dæmon; death has just entered that fine house on the left hand, where is going to be acted one of the most melancholy scenes that ever was represented on the theatre of the world. Fix your eyes on that deplorable spectacle. Really, said Don Cleofas, I do see a lady that tears her hair, and struggles in her woman's arms. Why does she appear so afflicted? Look into the opposite apartment, answered the devil, and you will see the cause. Observe the man laid on that state-bed; it is her husband who is expiring, and she is inconsolable. Their story is very moving, and deserves to be recorded. I have a great mind to tell it you.

You will do me an infinite pleasure, replied Leandro: I am not less sensible of objects of compassion, than diverted by those of ridicule. It is somewhat long, answered Asmodeus, but too interesting to be tiresome. Besides, to tell you the truth, as much a devil as I am, I am tired with running after death; so let us leave him in search of fresh victims. With all my heart, said Zambullo. I should be better pleased to hear this history, which you have promised to entertain me with, than thus to see the whole
race

race of Adam perishing one after another. Upon which the dæmon, having set the student down upon one of the highest houses in Alcala-street, thus began.



C H A P. IV.

The power of friendship.

A S T O R Y.

A YOUNG gentleman of Toledo, attended by his valet de chambre, was making his way, in all haste, from his native country, to avoid the consequences of a tragical adventure. He was two leagues from Valencia, when at the entry of a wood he met a lady descending hastily out of her coach. No veil covered her face, in which beauty shone in perfection. This charming lady seemed so disturbed and distracted, that the cavalier, imagining she wanted assistance, did not fail to tender her that of his courage.

GENEROUS stranger, said the lady, I embrace your offer; heaven seems to have sent you hither to my assistance, and to avert the misfortune which threatens me. Two gentlemen are met upon an appointment in this wood; I this minute saw them enter; I can

tell you no more; but, if you please, follow me, and you shall know the whole. At the end of these words she flew into the wood; and the Toledan, leaving his horse with his servant, made after her as fast as he could.

THEY had scarce advanced an hundred paces before they heard the clashing of swords, and soon discovered two men furiously engaged. The Toledan ran to part them, which having done, partly by force, and partly by entreaty, he asked them the cause of their quarrel. Brave unknown, said one of the cavaliers, my name is Don Fadrique de Mendoza, and my adversary is Don Alvaro Ponce: we both love Donna Theodora, the lady which you accompany: she has always slighted our addresses, and notwithstanding all the tenderneſſes that love could ſuggeſt to pleaſe her, the obdurate fair would never treat us better. As for me, I deſigned to continue her ſlave, in ſpite of her indifference; but my rival, inſtead of taking the ſame reſolution, has thought fit to ſend me a challenge.

IT is true, interrupted Don Alvaro, I concluded that, if I had no rival, Donna Theodora might look on me; wherefore I endeavoured to take away the life of Don Fadrique, to rid myſelf of a man that oppoſed my happineſs.

GENTLEMEN, ſaid the Toledan, I do not approve

approve your having recourse to arms ; it is an affront to Theodora : It will soon be published in Valencia, that you have fought for her ; and your mistress's honour ought to be dearer to you than your own repose and lives. Besides, what advantage could the vanquisher reap by his victory ? After having exposed his mistress's reputation, could he expect she would look on him with a favourable eye ? Take my advice, make a more noble effort on yourselves, more worthy the names that you bear : conquer these furious transports, and, by an inviolable oath engage yourselves to subscribe the articles of accommodation which I shall propose to you. Your quarrel may be easily made up without bloodshed.

How ! cried Don Alvaro. This lady must declare, replied the Toledan, whether she will chuse Don Fadrique or you ; and the unhappy lover, far from arming against his rival, must leave him the field. I agree, said Don Alvaro, and swear by all that is most sacred, to acquiesce in her choice, whether she determine in favour of me, or my rival ; for even that preference will be more supportable than the racking uncertainty under which I now labour. And as for me, said Don Fadrique in his turn, I call heaven to witness, that if the divine object which I adore declares against me, I will remove myself far from her charms ; and, if

I cannot forget her, at least will never see her more.

THE Toledan then turning towards Theodora, Madam, said he, it is in your power with one word to disarm these two rivals; you need only declare whose constancy of the two you please to reward. Sir, answered the lady, search for another expedient to reconcile them: why should I be the sacrifice of their agreement? I really esteem Don Fadrique and Don Alvaro, but I do not love either of them; and it is unjust, that, to prevent the stain which their duelling might cast upon my honour, I should be obliged to give those hopes which my heart will never own.

IT is too late to dissemble, Madam, replied the Toledan: you must declare yourself. Both these cavaliers are equally handsome, and I am certain you have more inclination for one than the other: I refer myself to the mortal agony you was in when I met you.

YOU misinterpret that fright, replied Donna Theodora; the loss of either of these gentlemen would very sensibly touch me, and I should never give over blaming myself on that account, though I am only the innocent cause; but if you saw me alarmed, it was for my own reputation, which I knew would unavoidably suffer in the dispute.

DON Alvaro Ponce, who was naturally impetuous,

impetuous, at these words lost all patience : It is enough, said he, very warmly ; since the lady refuses to end this dispute amicably, the sword shall immediately decide it ; upon which he aimed a pass at Don Fadrique, who was prepared to receive it.

THEODORA, rather affrighted by this action, than determined by her inclination, amazed cried out, Hold, gentlemen, I will satisfy you ; if there be no other way to end an engagement in which my honour is concerned, I declare that I give the preference to Don Fadrique de Mendoza.

As soon as she had pronounced these words, the discarded Don Alvaro, without uttering one single syllable, immediately loosened his horse, which was fastened to a tree, and retired, casting very angry looks at his rival and mistress. The happy Mendoza, on the contrary, was overwhelmed with joy ; sometimes he fell on his knees before Donna Theodora, at others he embraced the Toledan, and was utterly at a loss for expressions strong enough to represent the sentiments of gratitude with which he was thoroughly touched.

IN the mean time, the lady returning to her natural temper, after the departure of Alvaro, began to reflect how anxious it would prove to her to suffer the addresses of a lover, whose merit though she greatly esteemed, yet withal
for

for whom her heart had never been prepossessed with any the least tenderness.

DON Fadrique, said she, I hope you will not abuse the preference which I have given you ; you owe it to the necessity to which I was reduced, to declare betwixt you and Don Alvaro ; not but that I value you much more than him, and I know very well he has not all the good qualities which you have ; and I shall but do you justice by saying that you are the most accomplished cavalier in Valencia. I will farther own to you, that the addresses of such a man as you might very well flatter a woman's vanity ; but how honourable soever it may be to me, I must tell you, I look upon them with so little relish, that you are really to be pitied for loving me so tenderly as you appear to do. I will not yet deprive you of all hopes of touching my heart : my indifference, perhaps, may be only the effect of the yet remaining grief which seized me a year since, for the loss of Don Andrea de Cifuentes, my husband. Though we lived but a short while together, and he was of an advanced age, when my parents, dazzled with his riches, obliged me to marry him, yet was I very much afflicted at his death. I shall bemoan it all my life.

AND indeed did he not deserve my sorrow ? He was far from being one of those four jealous old men, who, never being able to persuade

suade themselves that a woman may be discreet enough to excuse their weakness, continually watch all her motions, or entrust that charge to a duenna devoted to their tyranny. On the contrary, he had such an entire confidence in my virtue, as is hardly to be met with in a young husband, who knows himself to be beloved. Besides, his complaisance was endless; I dare venture to say, that his sole care was to anticipate me in all my wishes. Such was Don Andrea de Cifuentes; you may then, Mendoza, easily judge that it is not easy to forget a man of such an agreeable character. He is ever present in my thoughts, which does not a little contribute, doubtless, to turn them from fixing on whatever is done to please me.

DON Fadrique could not help interrupting Donna Theodora here. Ah! madam, cried he, how happy am I to learn from your own mouth, that your former despising my addresses did not result from any aversion to my person, I hope you will one day yield to my constancy. It will not be my fault if your passion does not succeed, replied the lady, since I allow you to visit me, and sometimes talk to me on the subject of love. Endeavour to make me relish your endearments; use all your arts to make me love you. I will never conceal from you any favourable sentiments which I may have for you; but if, after all your efforts,

forts, you cannot succeed, remember, Mendoza, that you will have no reason to blame me.

DON Fadrique would have replied, but had not time, by reason the lady took the Toledan by the hand, and nimbly returned towards her equipage. He loosened his horse, which was tied to a tree, and, leading him by the bridle, followed Donna Theodora, who got into her chariot with as much precipitation as she had before alighted from it, though the reason was utterly different. The Toledan and he accompanied her on horseback to the gates of Valencia, where they parted. Theodora went to her own house, and Don Fadrique carried the Toledan to his.

HE made him sit down, and, after having well entertained him, he asked him what particularly brought him to Valencia, and whether he intended to make a long stay there. I shall continue here as short a time as possible, answered the Toledan; I came this way only to go towards the sea side, to embark in the very first vessel which sails from the coast of Spain, for I care not much in what part of the world I finish the course of an unfortunate life, provided it be far distant from these fatal shores.

WHAT is it can set you thus against your country, replied Don Fadrique, surprized at the Toledan's discourse, and make you hate what all men naturally love? After what has happened

happened to me, returned the Toledan, my country is hateful to me, and I aim at nothing in the world but to leave it for ever. Ah, Sir, said Mendoza, touched with a compassionate concern, how impatient I am to know your misfortunes ! If I cannot relieve your pains, I will share them with you. Your appearance has already preposessed me in your favour; your deportment charms me, and I find myself strenuously interested in your fortune.

It is the greatest consolation which I am capable of receiving, Don Fadrique, answered the Toledan ; and in some measure to acknowledge the affection which you have discovered for me, I must also tell you, that, when I saw you with Don Alvaro Ponce, I found myself biassed in your favour. An internal motion, which I was never before sensible of at the first sight of any person, made me fear least Donna Theodora should prefer your rival, and I was touched with joy when she determined in your favour. You have since so much strengthened that first impressiion, that instead of hiding my uneasinesses, I earnestly desire to lay them before you, and find a secret pleasure in imparting to you the secrets of my soul. Attend then to the relation of my misfortunes.

I was born at Toledo, and Don Juan de Zarate is my name ; in my infancy I lost my parents, so that I began betimes to enjoy an
annual

annual estate of four thousand ducats, which they left me. My heart being at my own disposal, and believing myself rich enough not to consult any thing but my own inclination in the choice of a wife, I married a virgin perfectly beautiful, without reflecting on the meanness of her fortune, or the inequality of our conditions. I was charmed with my felicity; and to give the greater relish to the pleasure of possessing the person loved, a few days after my marriage, I carried her to an estate which I have a few miles from Toledo.

WE lived there in a most agreeable union, when the duke of Naxera, whose seat is near my estate, came one day, when he was hunting, to refresh himself at my house. He saw my wife, and fell in love with her: I suspected it at least; but what fully convinced me of it was, that he immediately made the most pressing instances in the world to obtain my friendship, which he never before set any value on. He introduced me to his hunting acquaintance, sent me several presents, and made me frequent offers of his service.

BEING immediately alarmed by his passion, I intended to return to Toledo with my wife; and doubtless that thought was inspired by heaven. For had I wholly deprived the duke of all opportunities of seeing her, I should have avoided those misfortunes which have fallen on
me;

me; but my confident reliance on her virtue secured me. I thought it impossible for a woman I had married without a fortune, and raised from a low condition, to be so ungrateful as to forget my generosity. Alas, what a wrong judgment did I make! Ambition and vanity, the ruling passions of the sex, shone remarkably in her.

As soon as the duke had got an opportunity to discover his sentiments, she was secretly pleased at such an important conquest. The passion of a man, adorned with the title of *His Excellence*, tickled her pride, and filled her mind with strange fancies: Whence she began to value him more, and me less; and all that I had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, served only to render me contemptible in her eyes. She looked on me as a husband unworthy of her beauty, and fancied that if this grandee, who was now conquered by her charms, had seen her before her being a wife, he had certainly made her his dutchess. Intoxicated by these foolish imaginations, and seduced by several engaging presents, she yielded to the duke's private and pressing importunities.

THEY frequently wrote to each other, without my ever suspecting their correspondence; but at last I was unhappy enough to be cured of that blindness. One day returning from
hunting

hunting sooner than usual, I went into my wife's apartment, who did not expect me so soon. She had just received a billet from the duke, which she was preparing to answer : She could not conceal her confusion at my appearance. I trembled, and finding pen, ink, and paper ready on a table, I concluded she had betrayed me. I pressed her to shew me what she was writing ; which she so absolutely denied, that I was obliged to use some violence to satisfy my jealous curiosity ; and, notwithstanding all her resistance, I pulled from her bosom a letter containing these words.

“ **M**UST I for ever languish in expectation of a second interview ? How
 “ cruel are you, to give me the most flattering hopes, and thus long delay the fulfilling them ! Don Juan is every day engaged in
 “ hunting, or goes to Toledo ; should we not
 “ make use of these opportunities ? Think on
 “ the violent flames which consume me, and
 “ have pity on me, madam ; consider, that if
 “ it be a pleasure to obtain our desires, it is
 “ the cruellest torture to wait long for the enjoyment of them.”

: I COULD not read out this letter without the utmost transports of rage. I clapped my hand on my dagger, and at first was tempted to take
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the life of that faithless wife who had deprived me of my honour; but reflecting that would be only to revenge myself by halves, and that my resentment required yet another victim, I suppressed my fury, dissembled, and said to my wife, with the least disturbance possible; Madam, you were to blame to hearken to the duke; the lustre of his high quality ought not to have dazzled your eyes; but young women are fond of pompous titles; I am willing to believe that this is all you have yet proceeded to, and that you have not yet done me the last injury; wherefore I excuse your indiscretion, provided you will return to your duty, and, becoming truly sensible of my tenderness, you will think of nothing more than to deserve it.

AFTER these words I retired to my apartment, as well to leave her to recover herself, as because I wanted some retirement to cool my rage, which had sufficiently inflamed me. Though I could not recover my temper, I at least put on a very easy air for two days, and on the third, pretending business of the last consequence to Toledo, I told my wife, that I was obliged to leave her for some time, and intreated her to be careful of her honour during my absence.

I LEFT her, but, instead of going to Toledo, I privately returned home at the beginning of the night, and concealed myself in the chamber

ber of a faithful domestick, where I could see every one that came into my house. I did not doubt of the duke's being informed of my departure, and concluded he would not miss the opportunity. I hoped to surprize them together, and promised myself an entire vengeance.

BUT I was deceived in my expectation: For, instead of finding my house preparing for the reception of a gallant, I saw, on the contrary, the doors very carefully locked at their usual time; and three days passing without the appearance of the duke, or even any of his servants, I persuaded myself that my spouse repented her fault, and had broke off all manner of correspondence with the duke.

PREPOSSESSED with this opinion, I lost all desire of revenge, and by yielding to the motion of a love which angry resentment had suspended, I flew to my wife's apartment, embraced her with transporting raptures, and said, Madam, I restore you all my esteem and tenderness. I have not been at Toledo: I pretended that journey only to try you. You ought to pardon a snare laid by a husband, whose jealousy was not groundless. I feared that your mind, seduced by splendid illusions, was not capable of undeceiving itself: But, thanks to heaven, you are sensible of your error, and, I hope, nothing for the future will ever disturb our mutual union.

My

My wife seemed touched at these words ; and letting fall some tears, how unhappy am I, said she, to have given you reason to suspect my virtue ! Though I have to the last degree abhorred that fault which so justly irritated you against me, my eyes have in vain kept from closing these two days, to make way for my tears ; yet for all my grief, and all my remorse, I shall never regain your entire confidence in me. I restore it you, Madam, said I, perfectly softened by the grief she seemed to be in : I will no more remember what is past, since you so sincerely repent.

ACCORDINGLY from that moment I had the same regard for her as before, and began again to taste those pleasures that had been so cruelly interrupted. The relish of them was heightened ; for my wife, as though she resolved to efface out of my mind all the remembrance of her past misconduct, was more solicitous to please me than ever. I found her caresses more tender, and almost rejoiced at the disgust that had occasioned this happy change.

I CHANCED to fall sick, and, though my disease was not dangerous, it is not to be imagined what fears my wife discovered. She staid all day with me ; and in the night, I being in a separate apartment, she constantly came two or three times to satisfy herself how I was.
She

She seemed extremely solicitous in getting every thing she thought I might want, and her life seemed to be inseparable from mine : On my side, I was so sensible of all the marks of tenderness which she gave me, that I could never sufficiently testify my acknowledgment of them to her : and yet, Mendoza, they were not so sincere as I imagined.

ONE night, when I was somewhat recovered, my valet de chambre waked me : My lord, said he, very much confused, I beg pardon for disturbing your repose, but my duty will not allow me to conceal what is now acting in your house. The duke of Naxera is with my lady.

I was so thunderstruck at this news, that for some time I looked on the fellow, without being able to speak. The more I thought of what he told me, the less I believed it. No, Fabio, cried I, it is impossible that my wife should be guilty of such a horrid perfidious crime ! You are not sure of what you say. My lord, replied Fabio, would to God it were possible for me to doubt of it ; but I am not deceived by false appearances. Ever since your indisposition, I have suspected the duke's being every night introduced into my lady's apartment. I concealed myself to remove my suspicions, and am but too well convinced they are just.

AT these words, I rose quite furious with
rage ;

rage; took my night-gown and sword, and made directly to my wife's apartment, accompanied by Fabio, who carried a light. At the noise of our entrance, the duke, who sat on the bed, rose, and catching a pistol from his girdle, fired at me; but with such confusion and precipitation, that he missed me. I then violently rushed upon him, and plunged my sword into his heart; after which I addressed myself to my wife, who was rather dead than alive: And thou, said I, infamous wretch, receive the reward of all thy falsehoods. At these words, I stabbed her to the heart with my sword, yet smoaking in her lover's blood.

I CONDEMN the transport of my fury, Don Fadrique, and own I might have sufficiently punished a perfidious wife, without taking away her life: but what man could keep his reason entire in such a conjuncture? Paint to yourself all the demonstrations of concern this false woman shewed at my illness; represent all the circumstances, the enormity of the treason, and judge whether a husband, fired with a just rage, ought not to be pardoned her death.

To conclude so melancholy a story in two words; after having fully satiated my vengeance, I dressed myself with the utmost haste, concluding I had no time to lose, that the duke's relations would hunt for me all over Spain,

and that the interest of my family not being sufficient to balance that of theirs, I should never be safe till gotten into a foreign country: Wherefore I selected two of my best horses, and, with all the money and jewels I had, left my house before day, followed by the servant who had so well proved his fidelity. I chose the road to Valencia, designing to put myself on board the first vessel bound for Italy; and this day passing near the forest where you were, I met Donna Theodora, who begged me to follow her, and endeavour to part you and Don Alvaro.

AFTER the Toledan had done speaking, Don Fadrique said: Don Juan, your revenge on the duke of Naxera was just, do not therefore disturb yourself at the pursuit his relations may make: You shall, if you please, stay with me, until you find an opportunity to embark for Italy. My uncle is governor of Valencia, and you will be safer here than any where else, and will besides be with a man who desires for the future to be engaged to you by the strictest ties of friendship.

ZARATE answered Mendoza in terms full of gratitude, and accepted the offered asylum. The power of sympathy is very surprising, Don Cleofas, pursued Asmodeus, these two young cavaliers were touched with such a mutual affection for one another, that in a few days it
created

created a friendship betwixt them equal to that of Orestes and Pylades. Besides the equality of their merit, there was such a harmony in their humours, that whatever pleased Don Fadrique, the other could not dislike. They made, as it were, but one individual, and they were made to love one another. Don Fadrique, who above all was enchanted with the deportment of his friend, could not forbear boasting of it every moment to Theodora.

THEY both frequently visited that lady, who continually looked on Mendoza's addresses with indifference, at which he was greatly mortified, and complained of it to his friend, who told him to comfort him, that the most insensible women suffer themselves to be touched at last : That nothing was wanting to lovers, but patience enough to wait the favourable time : That he should not be discouraged ; that his lady, soon or late, would regard his services. This advice, though founded on experience, did not encourage Mendoza, who very much feared he should never be able to please the widow Cifuentes ; and this fear threw him into such a languishing condition as excited pity in Don Juan, who was soon after in a more miserable condition himself.

WHAT reason soever the Toledan had to be disgusted against the sex, after the horrible falsity of his wife, yet he could not help loving

Donna Theodora; though he was so far from abandoning himself to a passion which injured his friend, that he thought of nothing but struggling against it: and fully persuaded that he could not better conquer it, than by keeping at a distance from those eyes which occasioned it, he resolved never to see the widow Cifuentes again. Accordingly, whenever Mendoza would have carried him with him, he always found some excuse not to go.

BUT Don Fadrique never made one visit to the lady, that she did not ask why Don Juan had left off coming thither. One day when she put that question, he answered smiling, that his friend had his reasons. Hah! what reasons can he have to avoid me? said Donna Theodora. Madam, replied Mendoza, when I desired him to come along with me this day, and expressed some surprize at his refusal, he told me in confidence, what I am obliged to reveal to you to excuse him; it was that he had engaged a mistress, and that not having long to stay in this city, his time was precious.

I CANNOT be satisfied with this excuse, replied the widow Cifuentes, blushing; lovers are not allowed to forsake their friends. Don Fadrique observing Donna Theodora's changing colour, thought it only owing to her vanity, and believed that spight, to see herself neglected, was the reason of her blushing. But
his

his conjecture was wrong: A more violent impulse than that of vanity occasioned the motions which she betrayed; but for fear of his discovering her sentiments, she turned the discourse, and affected a chearfulness during the rest of their conversation, which would have thrown the blame on his discernment, if he had not soon observed the alteration.

As soon as the widow Cifuentes was alone, she turned extremely pensive. She then felt the utmost force of her passion for Don Juan; and imagining herself worse recompensed than she really was, How cruel and unjust, said she sighing, is that power which delights to inflame disagreeing hearts; I do not love Don Fadrique, and he adores me; and I burn for Don Juan, whose thoughts are taken up by another! Ah, Mendoza, no more reproach my indifference; thy friend has sufficiently revenged it.

AT these words, struck with a quick sense of grief and jealousy, she shed several tears; but hope, which assuages lovers pains, soon represented various flattering images to her mind. It suggested to her, that perhaps her rival might not be dangerous: That Don Juan might be less seized by her charms, than amused by her favours, and that it was no hard matter to get rid of so feeble ties. But to enable her to judge herself what she ought to believe of the Toledan, she was resolved to talk

with him in private. She sent for him, he came; and, when they were by themselves, Donna Theodora thus began:

I NEVER thought that love could make a well-bred man forget the complaisance due to the fair sex; and yet, Don Juan, since you have been in love, you avoid my house, for which I think I have reason to complain: But I am yet willing to believe it is not of your own accord that you fly me; perhaps your lady may have forbid your seeing me. Confess it, Don Juan, and I will forgive it. I know lovers actions are not free; they dare not disobey their mistresses.

MADAM, answered the Toledan, I own that my conduct ought to astonish you; but let me beg of you not to put me to justify it. Satisfy yourself with knowing that I have reason to avoid you. Whatever that reason may be, replied Donna Theodora, you must be obeyed; but I shall not pity you if you hear more than you want to know.

DON Fadrique, adds he, has told you the adventure which obliged me to quit Castile. In my travelling from Toledo, with a heart full of resentment against women, I defied the whole sex ever to surprize me. With this fierce disposition I approached Valencia, I met you, and, what perhaps no other man has been able to do, I sustained the first sight of you without

without being moved. I even looked on you again afterwards with impunity ; but alas, how dear I paid for a few resolute days ! You at last conquered my resistance ; your beauty, wit, and charms, have exercised themselves on a rebel : In short, I have all the love for you which you are capable of inspiring.

THIS, Madam, is what keeps me from you. The lady, whom you were told engrossed my thoughts, is but an imaginary one ; and I only feigned the making Mendoza my confidant, to prevent any suspicions I might raise in him, by my refusal to visit you along with him.

THIS unexpected discourse filled Donna Theodora with such extraordinary pleasure, that she could not help discovering it. Indeed it is true she did not concern herself at all to conceal it ; but instead of arming her eyes with some sort of severity, looking on the Tolédan with a very tender air, she said, You have told me your secret, Don Juan, and I will also discover mine.

INSENSIBLE of the sighs of Don Alvaro Ponce, little moved at Mendoza's flames, I led an easy undisturbed life, when chance brought you near the forest where we met. Notwithstanding the confusion I was in, I yet observed you offered me assistance with a very good grace, and the way in which you parted the two furious

rivals raised in me an advantageous opinion of your dexterity and courage. But the means you proposed to reconcile them displeased me. I could not, without difficulty, resolve on the choice of either. But not to hide any thing from you, I believe you had then a small share in my repugnance; for at the very moment that my mouth, forced by necessity, named Don Fadrique, I felt my heart declare for the unknown cavalier. From that day, (which I may call happy, since you have owned your passion) your merit increased my value for you.

FROM you, continued she, I conceal none of my thoughts, but impart them to you with the same openness that I told Mendoza I did not love him. A woman who has the misfortune to conceive a passion for a person that can never love her, is in the right to restrain herself, and at least revenge her weakness by an eternal silence; but I take it for granted, that I may without scruple discover an innocent tenderness to a man whose intentions are lawful: Yes, I am overjoyed to find you love me, and for that blessing render thanks to heaven, which doubtless destined us for each other.

AFTER these words the lady remained silent, to give Don Juan leave to speak, and room to discover those shining transports of joy and gratitude with which she believed she had inspired him; but, instead of appearing delighted

lighted with what he had heard, he was profoundly pensive and melancholy.

WHAT do I see, Don Juan? continued she. When to make you a fortune, which another would think worth envying, I forget the pride of my sex, and shew you a soul charmed with you, can you resist the joy such an engaging declaration ought to raise in you? You remain in a frozen silence, nay, I see even grief in your countenance: Ah, Don Juan, what strange effects have my favours produced?

ALAS! what other effects, Madam, interrupting her with a melancholy air, said the Tolledan, could they produce on a heart like mine? The greater the degrees of passion you discover for me, so much the more miserable I am. You are not ignorant what Mendoza has done for me, and know the sacred friendship in which we are mutually engaged. Can I then found my happiness on the ruins of his most charming hopes? You are too nice, said Donna Theodora; I never promised Don Fadrique any thing which can obstruct my offering you my faith, without incurring his censure, and your receiving it without injustice. I own that the thoughts of an unhappy friend ought to give you some uneasiness; but, Don Juan, can that counterbalance the happy destiny which attends you?

Yes, Madam, replied he warmly; such a friend

friend as Mendoza has more power over me than you think. If you could conceive all the force and tenderness of our friendship, what a sad object of pity would you find me! Should I thus treat Don Fadrique, who has hidden nothing from me? My interests are become his; and the least concern of mine never escapes his vigilant care; to say all in a word, I share his soul with you.

ALAS! had I been destined to accept your favours, you should have shewn them before I entered into such strict bonds of friendship: Then, with the happiness of pleasing you, I should have looked on Mendoza with no other eyes than those of a rival; my heart, guarded against the affection he expressed to me, would not have returned it, and I should not have had those obligations I have at present to him. But, Madam, it is now too late; I have received all the services he could do me; I have followed the inclination I had for him; gratitude and affection have tied me up so close, and at last reduced me to the cruel necessity of renouncing the glorious fortune which you offer me.

HERE Donna Theodora, whose eyes were full of tears, dried them up with her handkerchief. This disturbed the Toledan; he found his resolution shaken and decaying, and could no longer answer for the consequences. Wherefore, continued he, with a voice continually

tinually interrupted with sighs, adieu, Madam, adieu: I must fly, to preserve my virtue; I cannot bear your tears, they render you too formidable: I separate myself from you for ever, and bewail the loss of so many charms which my inexorable friendship forces me to sacrifice. These words ended, he retired with the poor remains of constancy, which were not a little difficult to retain.

AFTER his departure, the widow Cisuentes was agitated by a thousand confused emotions. She was ashamed of having declared herself to a man whom she could not keep. Yet finding no room to doubt but his passion was equal to hers, and that the interest of his friend alone was what made him refuse the hand she offered, she was so just as to admire so very rare an instance of friendship, instead of being offended at it: Notwithstanding which, as one cannot help being afflicted when things do not succeed as one would have them, she therefore resolved to go to the country on the next day, to divert her melancholy, or rather to increase it; for solitude naturally tends rather to strengthen than weaken love.

DON Juan, on the contrary, not finding Mendoza in his apartment, locked himself up in his own, abandoning himself wholly to his grief; for, after what he had done for his friend, he thought he might be allowed at least

to lament. But Don Fadrique soon came to interrupt his thoughtfulness; and, concluding by his face that he was indisposed, he discovered no small concern; so that Don Juan, to remove it, was forced to assure him he wanted nothing but repose. Mendoza instantly left him to his rest, but with such an afflicted air, as more sensibly touched the Toledan with his misfortune. O heaven, said he to himself, why must the most tender friendship in the world occasion all the misery of my life!

THE next day Don Fadrique was not yet risen, when word was brought him that Donna Theodora and her whole family were gone to her seat of Villa Real, from whence it was not probable they would soon return. This news less disturbed him on the pains he knew he should suffer by the distance of his beloved object, than that her departure was made a secret to him. Without knowing what to think, he took it for an ill omen.

HE rose to visit his friend, as well to talk with him concerning it, as to enquire after his health. But having just got dressed, Don Juan entered his apartment, saying, I come myself to remove the uneasiness I gave you; I am very well to-day. That good news, answered Mendoza, a little comforts me, after the ill I have received. The Toledan asked what that was, and Don Fadrique, after sending
ing

ing away his servants, said, Donna Theodora is this morning gone into the country, where it is believed she intends a long stay. I am very much amazed at it ; why should she conceal it from me ? What think you of it, Don Juan ? Have not I reason to be alarmed at it ?

ZARATE carefully avoided telling him his real sentiments, and endeavoured to persuade him that Donna Theodora might go out of town, without giving any reason for his fears. But Mendoza, very little satisfied with the reasons which his friend gave to hearten him, interrupted him : All this discourse, said he, cannot remove the jealousy I have conceived. Perhaps I may imprudently have done something which may have displeased Donna Theodora, and to punish it, she leaves me without deigning even to let me know my crime.

HOWEVER it is, I cannot live in this uncertain condition ; Don Juan, let us follow her, my horses shall be ready instantly. I advise you, said the Toledan, not to take any body with you : This explanation of her conduct ought to be without witnesses. Don Juan will not be accounted more than proper, replied Don Fadrique ; Donna Theodora is not ignorant that you are acquainted with every thing that passes in my heart. She values you ; and far from being an obstacle, you will be assisting in the appeasing her in my favour.

No,

No, Don Fadrique, answered he, my presence cannot be serviceable to you ; I therefore entreat you to go alone. No, dear Don Juan, returned Mendoza, we will go together, I expect this complaisance from your friendship. How tyrannical is that ! cried the Toledan with a sorrowful air ; why do you exact from my friendship what it ought not to grant you ?

THESE words, which Don Fadrique did not comprehend, and the warmth with which they were uttered, strangely astonished him. He looked very intently on his friend. Don Juan, said he, what is the meaning of those words I have just heard ? What cruel suspicion rises in my mind ! Ah, you too much afflict me by your too great constraint ! speak ; what is the reason of the unwillingness to go along with me, which you expressed ?

I WOULD willingly conceal it from you, answered the Toledan ; but since you yourself oblige me to discover it, I must no longer conceal it. Let us never more, Don Fadrique, applaud the sympathy of our affections ; it is but too perfect. The beauty, which has wounded you, has not spared your friend. Donna Theodora——You will then be my rival ! interrupted Mendoza, turning pale. Ever since I discerned my love, returned Don Juan, I have struggled against it. I have continually avoided the sight of the widow. Cisuen-

tes, you know it, and you yourself have blamed me for it. I triumphed at least over my passion, though I could not destroy it.

BUT yesterday that lady sent to inform me, that she wanted to speak with me at her house. I went; she asked me why I seemed to avoid her. At last I was forced to discover the true cause; believing that after that declaration she would approve my intention of always flying the sight of her; but by a fantastical turn of my ill stars—shall I tell you? Yes, Mendoza, I must tell you, I found Donna Theodora strongly prepossessed with a passion for me.

THOUGH Don Fadrique was the best natured and most reasonable man in the world, he was seized with a fit of rage at these words; and here interrupting his friend: Hold, Don Juan, said he, rather pierce my breast, than continue that fatal recital. You are not contented with owning yourself my rival, but also inform me that she loves you: Just heaven, what is it that you venture to impart to me! You put our friendship to too severe a trial. But why do I say our friendship? you have long since violated it by encouraging the treacherous sentiments you have now declared to me.

How greatly was I deceived! I thought you master of a generous great soul, but find you a faithless friend, since you can entertain

a passion which wounds me ; I am sinking under this unexpected blow, which I feel the heavier for being given by a hand—For heaven's sake, do me more justice, Mendoza, interrupted the Toledan in his turn, and allow yourself a moment's patience ; I am not a faithless friend : Hear me, and you will repent calling me by that odious name.

HE then told what had passed between the widow Cisuentes and him ; the tender owning of her passion, and the persuasions she used to engage him to yield without scruple to his love. He repeated his answer ; and as he advanced in the relation of what a firm resolution he discovered, by the same degrees Don Fadrique perceived his anger to wear off. At last, continues Don Juan, friendship carried it from love, and I refused to give my faith to Donna Theodora. She wept in angry despite ; but, great God ! what a storm did her tears raise in my soul ; I can never remember them without trembling afresh at the danger I ran. I began to believe myself barbarous ; and for some moments, Mendoza, my heart became treacherous to you. I did not however yield to my weakness, but escaped those dangerous tears by a sudden flight. But it is not enough to have avoided this danger, it ought to be feared for the future ; I must hasten my departure ; I will no more expose myself to Theodora's eyes.

After

After all this, will Don Fadrique any more accuse me of ingratitude and perfidiousness?

No, replied Mendoza, embracing him, I return you all your innocence; my eyes are open, forgive my unjust reproaches, and impute them to the first transport of a lover, who had lost all his hopes. Alas! ought I to think that Donna Theodora could see you long without loving you, and yielding to those charms whose power I myself have experienced? You are a true friend; I will no more charge my misery on any thing but fortune; and far from hating you, I feel my tenderness for you increase every moment. Can you renounce the possession of Donna Theodora! Can you offer up to friendship such a sacrifice; and must not I be touched with it! Can you conquer your love, and shall not I make an effort to restrain mine! I ought to equal you in generosity: Don Juan, follow the inclination which draws you, marry the widow Cifuentes: let my heart, if it will, sigh. Mendoza begs it of you.

You urge me in vain, replied the Toledan; I own I have a violent passion for her; but your repose is dearer to me than my own happiness. Ought then, answered Don Fadrique, Donna Theodora's repose to be indifferent? Let us not flatter ourselves; the inclination she has for you decides my fate. Though you should remove yourself, though, to yield her
to

to me, you should spend a miserable life in far distant countries, I should never be the better for it; since, as she never yet was pleased with me, she never will: Heaven has reserved her for you alone; she loved you from the first moment she saw you: In short, she cannot be happy without you. Accept then the hand which she presents, accomplish her and your own desires, leave me to my ill fortune, and do not make all the three miserable, when one may exhaust all the rigour of destiny.

THE dæmon was here obliged to interrupt his discourse to hearken to the student, who said, What you tell me is astonishing; are there really any people in the world of this extraordinary character? I see no friends in the world who do not quarrel, I do not say for such mistresses as Theodora, but even for arrant jilts. Can a lover renounce the object he adores, and by whom he is beloved, for the sake of a friend? I never thought that possible but in romance; the nature of which is to give us men as they ought to be, not as they are. I agree with you, answered Asmodeus, it is very uncommon; but it is not only to be found in romances, but in the sublime nature of man, and that since the flood, in which compass I have known two instances of it besides this. But to return to our story.

THE two friends continued to sacrifice their passion;

passion; and the one resolving not to yield in point of generosity to the other, their amorous sentiments remained suspended for some days. They ceased to speak of Donna Theodora; they durst not mention her name. But whilst friendship thus triumphed over love in the city of Valencia; love, as though he would revenge himself, reigned at another place with a tyrannic sway, and forced an absolute obedience without the least resistance.

DONNA Theodora abandoned herself to that tender passion at her seat of Villa Real, situate near the sea; she incessantly thought of Don Juan, and could not but hope she should marry him, though she had no reason to expect it, after the rigid sentiments of friendship for Don Fadrique which he discovered.

ONE day, after sun-set, as she was walking on the sea-side with one of her women, she perceived a small vessel just got to shore. At first sight, there seemed to be on board seven or eight very ill-looking fellows; but after having looked on them nearer, and observed them with more attention, she concluded that she had mistaken masks for faces; accordingly they were really masked, and armed with swords and bayonets.

SHE trembled at their dreadful aspects, and from thence fearing that the descent which they were going to make boaded no good, she returned

turned hastily towards her house. She looked back from time to time to observe them, and perceiving that they were landed, and began to pursue her, she ran as fast as she could, but not being so nimble-footed as Atalanta, and the masked men being strong and swift, they overtook her at her own door, and there seized her.

THE lady and her woman shrieked out so loud, that they drew some of the domesticks thither, who alarmed the whole house, and all Donna Theodora's footmen ran thither, armed with forks and clubs. Whilst two of the strongest of the masked gang, after having seized in their arms the mistress and the maid, carried them to the vessel, maugre all their resistance; the remainder made head against the family, who began to press very hard upon them. The fight was long; but at last the maskers succeeded in their enterprize, and regained their ship, fighting as they retreated. It was now time they should retire, for they were not embarked before they saw coming from the Valencian road four or five cavaliers, who rode full speed that way, and seemed to fly to the relief of Donna Theodora. At this sight they made so much haste to get out to sea, that all the cavaliers endeavours were to no purpose.

THESE cavaliers were Don Fadrique and
Don

Don Juan. The first of them had received a letter, by which he was advised, that it was reported by good hands that Don Alvaro Ponce was at the isle of Majorca; that he had equipt a sort of tartane, and, assisted by twenty strong ruffians, had designed to seize and carry off the widow Cifuentes the first time she should be at her country-seat. On this news the Tolledan and he, with their footmen, instantly set out, to inform Donna Theodora of this news. At a good distance they observed a very great number of people on the sea-shore, who seemed engaged against one another; and not doubting but that it was as they feared, they spurred on their horses full speed to oppose Don Alvaro's project. But whatever haste they could make, they arrived only soon enough to be witnesses of the rape, which they intended to have prevented.

In the mean time Alvaro Ponce, trusting to the success of the audacious attempt, made off from the coast with his prey; and his vessel reached a small armed ship, which expected him out at sea. It is not possible to be sensible of a greater sorrow than that which Mendoza and Don Juan felt. They poured out a thousand imprecations against the ravisher, and filled the air with complaints as sorrowful as vain. All the domesticks of Donna Theodora, animated by such excellent examples, did not spare

spare their tears. The shore resounded with melancholy cries; rage, despair, and desolation, were spread around these melancholy mansions: nor did the rape of Helen occasion a greater consternation in the Spartan court.



C H A P. V.

A fray betwixt a tragick and comic poet.

HERE Don Cleofas could not help interrupting the devil: Signior Asmodeus, said he, though the story you are telling is extremely moving, yet I am not able to resist my earnest desire to know the meaning of something I have before my eyes. I discern two men in their shirts in a chamber, pulling and tearing each other by the throat and hair, and several men in their night-gowns endeavouring to part them. Pray tell me the meaning of this. Asmodeus, who endeavoured to oblige him in every thing, without delay thus satisfied his request.

THOSE persons, whom you see fighting in their shirts, are two French authors; and those who are parting them are two Germans, a Dutchman, and an Italian, lodged all in the same inn, which is frequented by none but foreigners.

reigners. One of these poets composes tragedies, and the other comedies. The first, upon some disgust he met with in France, croud-ed himself into the French ambassador's retinue; and the other, discontented with his circumstances at Paris, came to Madrid in search of a better fortune.

THE tragick writer is a vain insolent fellow, who, in spite of the most sensible part of the publick, has gained a great name in his own country. To keep his muse in breath, he writes every day. Not being able to sleep this night, he began a play, whose plot is taken from Homer's Iliad. He has finished but one scene; and his least fault being that of the rest of the poets, an impertinent inclination to plague other people with their performances, he rises, snatches up his candle, and in his shirt knocks very hard at the chamber door of the comick author; who, making a better use of his time, was got into a sound sleep; but soon waking at the noise, he opened the door to the other, who said, entering the room like a man possessed, Fall down, my friend, fall at my feet, and adore a genius which Melpomene has honoured. I have just brought forth some verses—But why do I say I have just done it? It is Apollo himself that dictated them to me. If I were at Paris, I would this day read them from house to house, and I
wait

wait only for day light to charm Monsieur the ambassador, and all the French at Madrid with them. However, Sir, before any one should see them, I thought proper to give you the preference.

I THANK you for the preference, answered the comick author, with a horrible yawn; but the worst of it is, that you have chosen an unreasonable time, for I went to bed so late, that I am overpowered by sleep, and so cannot promise to hear all the verses you have to repeat without nodding. Oh, I will answer for that, replied the tragick author; though you were dying, the scene which I have just now written would revive you. My versification is not a rhapsody of stale common thought and trivial expressions, supported barely by rhyme; it is the true, the genuine spirit of poetry, which moves the heart, and strikes the intellect. I am none of those poetasters, whose wretched modern compositions pass over the stage like so many ghosts, and then go to Utica to divert the Africans. My pieces, worthy to be consecrated with my statue in the library of Apollo Palatinus, are crouded the thirtieth night. But let us, added our modest poet, come to the verses I intend to give you a sample of.

THIS is my tragedy: The death of Patroclus. Scene the first. Briseis and the other of Achilles's captives appear tearing their hair, and beating their breasts, to express their grief

for

for the death of Patroclus. Overcome by despair, they fall down on the stage. This you will say is striking a bold stroke. But it is what I aim at. Let your little genius's keep within the bounds of imitation, without daring to go an inch out of the common road. With all my heart. Their fearfulness is prudence. As for me, I love novelty, and, in my opinion, in order to move and transport spectators, one must present them with new unexpected incidents.

WELL then, the captives are on the ground; Phoenix, Achilles's governor, is with them to help them one after another to rise, and then thus begins.

Priam with Hector and his town must fall:
Achilles to revenge his friend prepares:

See glittering through the air, on every side,
Pikes, lances, helmets, cuirasses, and darts.
The rattling hail in less abundance pours.
The Greeks all swear t'appease Patroclus' ghost,
Fierce Agamemnon, and divine Camellus,
Old honoured Nestor, equal to the Gods,
Leontes, dextrous at the manag'd spear,
Strong Diomede, and silver-tongu'd Ulysses,
And see! Achilles comes—godlike he drives
His steeds immortal towards Troy's proud walls,
And leaves the distanc'd winds far off behind;
Then thus he shouting cries—* O vigorous race,

* Hom. Lib. XIX.

Podarus, Xanthus, Balius, quick advance !
 And when with Spoil and carnage we are tir'd,
 Haste to regain our camp,——but not without
 your master.

Fleet Xanthus bows his neck, and thus replies,
 For Juno gave him speech—Achilles, know,
 Your faithful horses shall your will obey;
 But your dark hour of fate is drawing near.
 He spoke—and now the winged chariot flies.
 Th' exulting Greeks behold, and shouting loud,
 With sounds of joy shake all th' adjacent coast.
 Drest in Vulcanian arms the conqu'ring prince
 Appears more glittering than the morning star,
 Or than the sun beginning his career,
 When he moves on to bless the world with day;
 He flames like fires which on some mountain
 top

Are made at night by the rejoicing swains.

BUT I stop to give you time to breathe, continued the tragick author; for if I should repeat the whole scene at once, the too great multiplicity of shining passages and sublime thoughts would overcome you. Observe the beauty and justice of that simile; "He flames like fires which on some mountain top, &c." Every body will not discern it; but you, who have wit and just sense; you, I say, ought to be charmed with it. I am, doubtless, answered the comick poet, with a malicious smile; nothing

nothing is so fine, and I hope you will not forget in your tragedy the care which Thetis took to drive away the flies from Patroclus's body. Do not think to make a jest of it, replied the tragick poet. A skilful writer may venture any thing. That passage perhaps of the whole piece is capable of affording the finest verses, and I assure you, I shall not miscarry in it.

ALL my works, added he, as you see, are stamped with the image of venerable antiquity; and when I read them observe how they are applauded! I stop at every verse to receive their due praises. I remember I one day read a tragedy in a house at Paris, where the beaux-esprits go at dinner-time, and where, without vanity, I do not pass for a dunce. The old countess of Viellebrune was there, who has an admirable and nice taste. I am her favourite poet. She wept heartily at the first scene, called for a fresh handkerchief at the second act; did nothing but sob at the third; grew sick at the fourth; and at the catastrophe I thought she would have expired with the hero of the piece.

At these words the merry comick author, however desirous to keep his gravity, could not contain from bursting into a laugh; Ay, said he, I very well remember that countess's humour; she is a woman that cannot bear comedy; she has such an utter aversion for it,

that she runs out of the box as soon as the music has done, to vent all her grief. Tragedy is her favourite passion; let the play be good or bad, provided there be unhappy lovers in it, you are certain of that lady's company; and to be free with you, if I wrote serious poems, I should be glad of other applauders than her ladyship.

OH I have others too, said the tragedian: I have the approbation of a thousand persons of quality of both sexes—I should very much mistrust the judgment of such people, interrupted the comedian. I should be very cautious of standing by their judgments; and I will tell you why: Such sort of spectators are generally absent while a piece is reading, and are taken by the beauty of a verse or fine sentiment. This is enough to challenge their commendation of a whole work, otherwise very imperfect. On the other hand, a few flat hard verses shock them, and there needs no more to make them damn the whole of a good play.

WELL then, replied the grave author, since you would have me distrust such judges, I trust them to the applause of the pit. Pray, if you please, replied the other, do not talk to me of your pit; they are too fantastical in their decisions; they are sometimes so grossly mistaken at the playing of new pieces, that they shall
continue,

continue, for two whole months together, enchanted with a bad play. Indeed when it comes out, their eyes are opened, and the author falls into disgrace, after a run of the most happy success.

THAT is a misfortune I am in no danger of, said the tragick writer; my works are printed as often as played. I confess, indeed, it is not so as to comedies, they being but trifles, wretched, feeble productions of wit—Softly, good Sir, interrupted the other author, stop a little, if you please; you do not see, you grow warm. I beseech you speak of comedy with a little less contempt. Do you believe a comick piece less difficult to write than a tragedy? or that it is easier to make well-bred people laugh than cry? Undeceive yourself, and be assured, that an ingenious subject, which turns on the manners of men, does not cost less pains than the finest heroic poem.

O LORD! said the tragick poet, with an air of raillery, I am surprized to hear you express yourself thus: But, Monsieur Calidas, to avoid all dispute, I will for the future like your works, though I have hitherto despised them. I do not value your contempt, Monsieur Giblet, hastily returned the comick author; and to answer your insolent airs, I will now tell you, in my turn, what I think of the verses you have just recited. They are ridi-

culous, and the thoughts, though taken out of Homer, are nevertheless flat. Achilles speaks to his horses, and his horses answer him; that is a mean low image, as well as the comparison of the fire the peasants make on a mountain. To pillage the ancients in this manner, is not to do them any honour: They indeed abound with admirable beauties; but more sense and a better taste, than you have, are requisite to make a happy choice of what ought to be borrowed from them.

SINCE your genius is not sufficiently elevated, replied Gible, to discern the beauties of my poem, and to punish your rashness in presuming to criticise on my scene, you shall not hear a line more of it. I have been too severely punished, returned Calidas, in hearing the beginning. You pretend, forsooth, to despise my comedies! Know then, that the very worst I could ever write, will always appear far superior to your best pieces. Assure yourself, it is much easier to take a flight, and soar on lofty subjects, than to hit off the niceness and delicacy of wit.

THANKS to my stars, said the tragedian disdainfully, if I have the misfortune not to be approved of by you, I ought to be very easy under it. The court thinks more favourably of me, than you; and the pension the king has vouchsafed—Do not think to dazzle me
with

with your pension, interrupted Calidas; I know too well how they are obtained, to value your works at all more for that: And to prove that I am convinced it is easier to write tragedies, when I return to France, if I have not success in comedies, I will descend to the writing of tragedy.

FOR a farce scribbler, interrupted Giblet, you have indeed a great deal of vanity. And for a most wretched versifier, cried the other, you have really an extravagant opinion of yourself. You are an insolent fellow, replied the other: I tell you, diminutive Monsieur Calidas, if I was not in your chamber, the catastrophe of this adventure should teach you how to respect the buskin. Oh, let not that consideration withhold you, great Monsieur Giblet, answered Calidas; if you have a mind to fight, I will engage you here as readily as any where else.

AT these words they tore one another by the throat and hair, and both boxed very warmly, without sparing each other. An Italian, who lodged in the next room, heard the whole dialogue, and by the noise of the blows, concluded they were fighting; he then rose, and though an Italian, out of compassion for them, called up the people of the house. A Dutchman and two Germans, whom you see in night-

gowns, came along with the Italian, to part the combatants.

THIS is a very pleasant fray, said Don Cleofas ; but by what I see, it is plain that the tragick authors in France think themselves much more considerable men than those who write comedy. Doubtless, answered the cripple, the former suppose themselves as much above the latter, as the heroes of their tragedies are above the footmen in the comick plays. Upon what pretence can they found their arrogance? replied Zambullo ; is it that it is more difficult to write a tragedy than a comedy? Your question, answered Asmodeus, has been an hundred times debated, and is still every day. My decision of it, without offence to such of mankind who are of a different opinion, is this; that to form an excellent plot for a comedy, does not require a less effort of genius than to lay the finest plan in the world for a tragedy; for if the latter were the more difficult, we must then conclude, that a writer of tragedies would be more capable of making a comedy than the best comick author, which would not agree with experience. These two species of poetry then require a different genius, but equal skill.

LET us end this digression, continued Asmodeus, and I will re-assume the thread of my story, which has been interrupted by this fray.



CHAP. VI.

*The continuation and conclusion of the story of
the power of friendship.*

THOUGH Donna Theodora's servants had not been able to rescue their lady from the russians that carried her off, they yet courageously opposed it, and their resistance was fatal to some of Alvaro's men; amongst others, they wounded one so dangerously, that, unable to follow his comrades, he remained almost lifeless on the sand.

THIS unfortunate wretch was known to be one of Alvaro's footmen; and Donna Theodora's servants, perceiving that he yet breathed, carried him to her house, where they spared nothing that could contribute to bring him to his senses; and they gained their end, though the great quantity of blood which he had lost rendered him extremely feeble. To engage him to speak, they promised to secure his life, and not to deliver him up to the severity of justice, provided he would tell where his master intended to carry Donna Theodora.

FLATTERED by this promise, though in his condition there appeared but small hopes of

his ever taking the benefit of it, he collected his little remainder of strength, and in a very feeble tone confirmed the advice which Don Fadrique had before received; and added, that Don Alvaro's design was to carry the widow Cisuentes to Sassari, in the island of Sardinia, where he had a relation whose interest and authority were very great, and who he knew would certainly protect him.

THIS discovery somewhat abated the despair of Mendoza and the Toledan. They left the wounded man in the house, where he expired some hours after, and returning to Valencia, consulted what measures to take. They determined to pursue their common enemy to the place of his retreat. Accordingly, they both embarked very soon after at Denia for Port Mahon, not doubting their meeting with an opportunity there of a passage to Sardinia. Their hopes proved true, for they were no sooner arrived at Mahon, than they were informed that a vessel freighted for Cagliari was just ready to sail, and they took the opportunity.

THE ship set sail with the most favourable wind they could desire; but five or six hours after they were perfectly becalmed, and at night the wind turning directly contrary, they were obliged to steer from one side to the other, without hope of its changing. They steered thus

thus for three days; and on the fourth, at two in the afternoon, they discovered a vessel bearing directly upon them. They at first took it for a merchant-man, but observing that it came within cannon-shot of them without shewing any colours, they did not doubt but that it was a corsair.

THEY were not deceived, it was a Tunis ship, which supposed that the Christians would yield without fighting; but when they perceived that they cleared their ship, and prepared their guns, they concluded them in earnest; wherefore they stopped, did the same, and prepared for the engagement.

THEY began to fire, and the Christians seemed to have some advantage; but an Algerine, larger, and provided with more guns than both the other, coming in the midst of the action, and taking the part of the Tunis ship, made full sail to the Spaniard, and obliged him to sustain the fire of both ships.

THE Christians upon this were dismayed, and resolving not to continue an engagement now become too unequal, gave over firing, when there appeared on the poop of the Algerine a slave, who cried out to them in Spanish, That if they expected quarter they must strike to the Algerine. These words ended, a Turk displayed the Algerine green taffata flag, with silver crescents. The Christians, considering

that all resistance would be vain, no longer thought of defending themselves, but yielded with all the grief which the horrid idea of slavery could cause in freemen; and the master of the vessel, fearing a longer delay might irritate the barbarous conquerors, took the colours from the poop, threw himself into the pinnace, with some of the sailors, and went on board the Algerine.

THE pirate sent a parcel of soldiers to plunder the Spanish ship, as he of Tunis likewise gave the same order to some of his crew, so that all the passengers were in an instant disarmed and searched; and sent on board the Algerine, where the two pirates divided their prey by lot.

It had been at least a consolation for Mendoza and his friend, to have both fallen into the hands of the same pirate. Their chains would have been lighter, if they could have joined in bearing them; but fortune, resolved they should experience all her severity, subjected Don Fadrique to the Tunis robber, and Don Juan to the Algerine. Imagine the grief and despair that seized these friends when they saw they were going to part. They threw themselves at the pirate's feet, and conjured him not to separate them. But these savage villains, whose minds were proof against the most piercing scenes of misery, were not in the least moved;

but

but on the contrary, concluding these two captives to be considerable men, who could pay a large ransom, they resolved to keep them, as they were divided.

MENDOZA and Zarate, seeing they could not soften these merciless wretches, cast their eyes on each other, and by their looks expressed the excess of their affliction. But when the whole booty was divided, and the Tunis pirate was going to return on board his own ship with his slaves, the two friends were ready to die with grief. Mendoza ran to the Toledan, and clasping him in his arms, We must then, said he, be parted: Oh terrible necessity! Is it not enough that the audacious villany of a ravisher remains unpunished, but must we be incapacitated to unite our complaints and sorrows? Ah! Don Juan, what have we committed against heaven, that it should so wreak its vengeance upon us? Ah, look no where else for the cause of our misfortunes, answered Don Juan, they ought only to be imputed to me; the death of the two persons whom I sacrificed, though excusable in men's eyes, must undoubtedly have irritated heaven, which punishes you for having engaged in friendship with a miserable wretch, whom justice pursues.

AT these words they both showered down tears in great abundance, and sighed with such violence, that the other slaves were not less touched

touched with their grief than their own misfortunes. The Tunis soldiers, yet more cruel than their master, observing that Mendoza did not hasten to the vessel, brutally snatched him out of the Toledan's arms, and forced him along with them, loading him with blows. Farewell, dear friend, cried he, I shall never see you more! Donna Theodora is not yet revenged; the ills which I expect from these cruel men will be the least of the sufferings of my bondage.

DON Juan could answer nothing to this; the treatment which he saw his friend receive threw him into a fit that rendered him speechless. The order of the story requiring us to follow the Toledan, we will leave Don Fadrique on board the Tunis corsair.

THE Algerine returned to his country, where being arrived, he carried the new slaves to the Basha, and thence to the public slave-market. An officer belonging to the dey Mezzomorto bought Don Juan for his master, and set him to work in the garden of Mezzomorto's * Haram. Such employment, though painful to a gentleman, was nevertheless agreeable to Don Juan; for in his present circum-

* Haram is the name given to all private persons Seraglio's; none but that of the Grand Signior being properly called the Seraglio.

stances nothing could more divert him than the reflection on his misfortunes; on which he incessantly employed his thoughts; and was so far from endeavouring to dislodge these most afflicting images, that he seemed to take a pleasure in recalling them to his memory.

ONE day, not perceiving the dey, who was walking in the garden, he sung a melancholy song as he was working; Mezzomorto stopt to listen to it, and, being very well pleased with the voice, came up to him and asked his name. The Toledan told him it was Alvaro; for when he was sold to the dey he thought fit to change his name, pursuant to the custom of other slaves, and hit upon that first, by reason the rape of Theodora by Alvaro Ponce was continually in his mind. Mezzomorto, who understood Spanish indifferently well, put several questions to him concerning the customs of Spain, and particularly the measures the men took to render themselves agreeable to the ladies: To all which Don Juan returned such answers as very well satisfied the dey.

ALVARO, said he to him, you seem to be an ingenious man, and indeed I take you to be above the common rank; but whatever you are, you have the good fortune to please me, and I will honour you so far as to make you my confident. Don Juan at these words prostrated himself at the dey's feet, and after having taken
up

up the lowest border of his robe, with it touched his eyes, mouth, and head.

TO begin with giving you some marks of it, resumed Mezzomorto, I will acquaint you that I have the finest women in Europe in my Seraglio; amongst them I have one that is beyond all sort of comparison, and I do not believe that the Grand Signior himself is possessor of a more perfect beauty, though his ships continually bring him women from all parts of the world. Her countenance is like the reflected sun, and her shape is as exact as the shooting trees in the garden of Eram: You may see that I am enchanted with her.

BUT this miracle of nature, though enriched with such rare beauty, gives herself wholly up to a fatal grief, which neither time nor the ardour of my love can dissipate; and though fortune has subjected her to my desires, I have not yet satisfied them. I have constantly bridled them, and contrary to the common custom of men in my circumstances, who aim no farther than at sensual pleasures, I have endeavoured to win her heart by such a complaisance and profound respect, as the meanest Mussulman would be ashamed to shew to a Christian captive.

NOTWITHSTANDING which, all my tenderness only encreases her melancholy, and her obstinacy begins at last to tire me. The idea

of

of slavery is not graven in such deep tracks in others, and even those were soon effaced by my favourable treatment of them. This tedious grief fatigues my patience; but before I yield to the violent transports of love, I must make one effort more, in which I would use your assistance; the slave, being a Christian, and of your nation, may make you her confident, and you may persuade her better than any other. Advantageously represent to her my rank and riches; tell her that I will distinguish her from all my slaves; engage her to consider, if necessary, that she may one day become the wife of Mezzomorto; and assure her that I shall have a greater value for her than for a Sultana, whose hand his highness should himself tender me.

DON Juan a second time prostrated himself at the dey's feet, and though not very well pleased with his commission, assured him that he would do every thing in his power to succeed with the lady. It is enough, replied Mezzomorto; leave your work and follow me. I will order that you shall speak with this beautiful slave alone; but have a care how you abuse the trust, which if you do, your rashness shall be punished by tortures unknown even to the Turks themselves. Endeavour to overcome her melancholy, and know that your liberty is annexed to the end of my sufferings. Don Juan left off working, and followed the dey, who

who was gone before to dispose the afflicted captive to admit his agent.

SHE was with two slaves, who retired as soon as Mezzomorto entered. The charming slave saluted him with profound respect; but could not help trembling, for fear of what might happen to her, every visit he made. He perceived it, and to dissipate her fears, Fair captive, said he, I come hither at present for no other reason than to tell you, that I have a Spaniard amongst my slaves, with whose conversation probably you may not be displeased; if you desire to see him, I will give you leave to speak with him, and that also without any one hearing you.

THE beautiful slave having discovered that, she earnestly desired it: I will immediately send him to you, replied Mezzomorto, if his discourse can assuage your grief. These words ended, he ordered the two slaves who served her another way, and afterwards himself quitted her apartment; and meeting the Toledan, he whispered to him, You may enter, and after you have talked with the fair slave, come to my apartment, and let me know what has passed.

DON Juan entered the chamber, and saluted the slave, without fixing his eyes on her; and she received his salutation, without looking very intently on him. But beginning to look on each other more earnestly, they burst into tears of surprize and joy. O heavens, said the To-

ledan,

ledan, approaching her, am I not deceived by an imaginary phantom? Is it really Donna Theodora whom I see? Ah, Don Juan, cried the fair slave, is it you that speak to me? Yes, Madam, answered he, tenderly kissing one of her hands, it is Don Juan himself. You may know me by the tears which my eyes, charmed with the happiness of seeing you again, cannot restrain: At the transports of joy which your presence is only capable of exciting, I repine no longer at my destiny, since she has restored you to my wishes—But alas! whither does my immoderate joy hurry me? I forget that you are a captive in chains! What strange caprice of fortune brought you hither? How did you escape Don Alvaro's rash passion? Ah, what dismal alarms does that give me! And how much am I afraid that heaven has not effectually protected your virtue!

HEAVEN, said Donna Theodora, has revenge me of Alvaro Ponce. If I had time to relate to you——You have time enough, interrupted Don Juan. The dey has permitted me to be with you, and what may surprize you, to talk with you alone. Let us make the best of these happy moments, and pray acquaint me with all that has befallen you, from the moment of your seizure, to this present. Ah, who told you that it was Don Alvaro that seized me? I know it but too well, returned Don Juan.

Juan. Then he succinctly related how he was informed of it, and how Mendoza and he embarked in search of the ravisher, and were taken by pirates. After which Donna Theodora thus began the recital of her adventures in these words.

IT is needless to tell you that I was extremely surprized to find myself seized by a troop of masked men. I swooned away in the arms of him that carried me off, and when I got out of my fit, which doubtless was very long, I found myself alone with Ines, one of my women, at sea, in the cabin of a vessel under sail.

INES exhorted me to patience, and by her discourse gave me room to conclude that she was in concert with my ravisher; who then presumed to shew himself to me; and, throwing himself at my feet, Madam, said he, pardon the means Don Alvaro has taken to possess you. You know what tender addresses I made to you, and with what constancy I disputed your heart with Don Fadrique, to the time that you gave him the preference. If my passion for you had only been a common one, I had subdued it, and comforted myself under the misfortune; but I am destined to adore your charms; and, despised as I am, I cannot free myself from their power. But yet do not fear that my love will offer any violence. I did not make this attempt on your liberty, to affright your virtue by base means;

means; no, all I pretended to in the retirement whither I am conveying you, is, that an eternal and sacred knot may bind our destinies.

HE spoke to me a great deal more, which I cannot well remember; but to hear him talk, one would have imagined he had used no violence to me; and that I ought rather to look upon him as a passionate lover, than an insolent ravisher. Whilst he spake, I did nothing but weep: Wherefore, without losing time in endeavours to persuade me, he left me. But, at his retiring, made a sign to Ines, which I discerned was his order to her to reinforce with address those arguments, with which he designed to dazzle my reason.

SHE acted her part to the full; she suggested to me, that, after the noise of a rape, I must of necessity be forced to accept Don Alvaro's offer, how great soever my aversion for him might be. That my reputation demanded this sacrifice of my heart. The laying me under the necessity of such a hideous marriage not being the way to dry up my tears, I remained inconsolable. Ines was at a loss what to say more, when on a sudden we heard a great noise on the deck, which engaged all our attention.

THIS was occasioned by the surprize of Don Alvaro's men, at the sight of a large vessel making all possible sail towards us. Our ship not being so good a sailor as that, it was impossible

possible for us to avoid it. He came up with us, and immediately we heard a cry of Strike, strike. But Alvaro Ponce and his men chusing rather to die than yield, resolved to stand an engagement. The action was very desperate; I will not run into particulars, but only acquaint you, that Don Alvaro and all his men were killed, after having fought with the utmost despair. As for us, we were conducted into the great ship, which belonged to Mezzomorto, and was commanded by Aby Aly Osman, one of his officers.

ABY ALY looked at me a long time with surprize, and knowing by my dress that I was a Spanish woman, he said to me in the Castilian tongue, Moderate your grief for being fallen into slavery, it is a misfortune which was inevitable: But why do I call it a misfortune? It is an advantage, for which you ought to bless your happy stars; you are too charming to be confined only to be obeyed by Christians: Heaven never formed you for that miserable race of mortals: You merit the addresses of the masters of the world, and none but Mussulmen are worthy to enjoy you. I will, adds he, return to Algiers. Though I have taken no other prize, I am persuaded that the dey, my master, will be pleased with this expedition; nor can I fear his blaming my impatience to put into his hands

hands a beauty that will be the pleasure of his life, and the ornament of his seraglio.

AT these words, which discovered what I had to expect, my tears redoubled. Aby Aly, who looked on the reason of my fright with another eye than mine, only laughed, and made all the sail he could towards Algiers; whilst I was overwhelmed with despair. Some times I directed my sighs to heaven, and implored its assistance; at others I wished some Christian ships would attack us, or that the waves would swallow us up; and after that, I wished my grief and tears might render me so frightful, that the very sight of me might strike terror in the dey. Vain desires, alas, resulting from my alarmed modesty! We arrived at the port; I was conducted to the palace, and brought before Mezzomorto.

I do not know what Aby Aly said when he presented me to his master, nor what he answered, because they spoke Turkish; but I fancied I could discover, by the gesture and looks of the dey, that I had the misfortune to please him: And what he afterwards said to me in Spanish perfected my despair, by confirming me in that opinion.

IN vain did I throw myself at his feet, and promised whatever he pleased for my ransom: I largely tempted his avarice, by the offer of all my estate: But he told me that he valued me
above

above all the riches in the world. He caused this room, the most magnificent in all his palace, to be prepared for me; and has left no means unattempted to dispel the grief which overwhelmed me; he brought me all the slaves of both sexes that could either sing or play on any instrument; he removed Ines, believing she only fed my melancholy, and I am waited on by old slaves, who incessantly inculcate to me their master's love, and all the pleasure reserved for me.

BUT all that has been done to divert me serves only to increase my grief; nothing can comfort me. Captive as I am, in this detestable place, which every day resounds with the cries of oppressed innocence, I suffer less by the loss of my liberty, than the terror with which the dey's odious passion inspires me: For tho' I have hitherto found no other treatment from him than that of a complaisant lover, I am not less terrified, and very much fear, lest abandoning that respect which perhaps has hitherto restrained him, he should at last abuse his power. I am continually afflicted by these horrid reflections, and every moment of my life is a fresh torment.

DONNA Theodora could not end these words without showers of tears, which stabbed Don Juan to the heart. It is not without reason, Madam, said he, that you form such a dreadful
idea

idea of what may happen to you: I am as much terrified at it as you: The dey's respect is nearer its declension than you imagine; this submissive lover will soon throw off his feigned complaisance; I know it but too well, and know all the danger you are in.

BUT, continued he, changing his tone, I will not tamely see it: Slave as I am, my despair is to be feared. Before Mezzomorto shall force you, I will plunge into his breast—Ah, Don Juan, interrupted Donna Theodora, what a dangerous project are you venturing at! Ah, be extremely careful that you never put it in execution. Alas! what prodigious cruelties will be the consequences of his death! Will the Turks leave it unrevenged?—Oh, the most dreadful torments—I cannot think of them without trembling. Besides, is it not to expose yourself to an unnecessary danger? Can you, by murdering the dey, restore my liberty? Alas, perhaps I may be sold to some villainous wretch, that may have less regard for me than Mezzomorto has. O heaven! you ought to shew your justice: You know the dey's brutal desires; you forbid me the use of poison and sword; it therefore belongs to you to prevent a crime which offends you.

YES, Madam, replied Don Juan, heaven will prevent it: I perceive that it inspires me; what at present occurs to my mind is doubtless sug-

gested to me from thence. The dey gave me leave to see you for no other reason than to incline you to yield to his passion: I am commanded to give him an account of our conversation; but I must deceive him: I will then tell him that you are not inconsolable; that his generous conduct with regard to you begins to assuage your grief; and that, if he continues in the same measures, he ought to hope for whatever he wishes. Accordingly, when he comes to see you again, I wish he might find you less melancholy than ordinary, and feign your being in some measure pleased with his discourse.

OH horrid constraint! cried Donna Theodora; how can a frank and sincere soul betray itself to that degree? and what advantage will result from such a painful dissimulation? The dey, answered he, will please himself with this alteration, and resolve to gain you wholly by complaisance. In the mean time I will endeavour your liberty: The task, I own, is difficult; but I am acquainted with a slave, whose great address and industry may not be unserviceable to us.

I LEAVE you, continued he; the affair requires diligence, and we shall see one another again. I go now to the dey, whose impetuous flame I will endeavour to amuse by false intelligence; and you, Madam, must prepare to receive him. Dissemble, force your nature:

Though

Though his presence offend your eyes, yet disarm them of severity and hatred. Prevail on your mouth, which only opens itself daily to lament your misfortunes, to learn a flattering tone; and do not fear shewing too much favour. You must promise every thing, in order to grant nothing. It is enough, replied Donna Theodora; I will follow all your directions, since the fatal evil which threatens me imposes on me this horrid necessity. Go, Don Juan, employ all your cares in putting an end to my slavery. It will be a great addition to the pleasure of liberty, to owe it to you.

THE Toledan, pursuant to his orders, waited on Mezzomorto, who said, with the utmost concern, Well, Alvaro, what news do you bring me from the fair slave? Have you disposed her to hearken to me? If you tell me that I ought not to flatter myself with the hopes of ever subduing her cruel grief, I swear by the head of the Grand Signior, my master, that I will this day seize by force what she has hitherto refused to yield to my complaisance. Sir, answered Don Juan, that inviolable oath is needless; you will not be forced to make use of violence to satisfy your love. The captive is a young lady who never yet loved; she is so proud that she has rejected the addresses of the greatest men in Spain! She lived like a sovereign princess in her own country, and is a slave

here. A haughty mind long resents the great difference betwixt these conditions; yet, Sir, this proud Spanish lady will by degrees grow familiar with slavery, and I dare venture to tell you, that already her chains begin to be lighter. The great deference you have always shewed her, and the respectful cares which she did not expect from you, have somewhat abated her grief, and do by little and little conquer her pride. Sooth this favourable disposition, and compleat the conquest of this fair slave, by fresh marks of respect, and you will soon find her to yield to your desires, and lose the love of liberty in your arms.

YOUR words transport me, cried the dey: The hopes which you have given me are sufficient to engage me to do any thing. Yes, I will restrain my impatient desires, to satisfy them better. But do not deceive me; Or art thou not thyself deceived? I will immediately go talk with her, and see whether I can discover in her eyes those flattering appearances which you have observed. Thus saying, he went to Donna Theodora; and Don Juan returned to the garden, where he met the gardener, who was the dexterous slave by whose industry he promised to set the widow Cifuentes at liberty.

THE gardener, whose name was Francisco, was of Navarre. He knew Algiers perfectly well,

well, having served several patrons before he lived with the dey. Friend Francisco, said Don Juan, approaching him, I am extremely grieved at what I have seen: There is in this place a young lady of the first quality in Valencia, she has entreated Mezzomorto to set his own price on her ransom; but he will not part with her, because he is in love with her. Alas, why does that trouble you so much? said Francisco. Because I am of the same city, replied the Toledan: Her relations and mine are intimate friends, and there is nothing I would not undertake to contribute to set her at liberty.

THOUGH it is no very easy thing, replied Francisco, I dare engage to accomplish it, if this lady's relations will be pleased to pay me very well for this piece of service. Do not doubt it in the least, returned Don Juan: I will be answerable for their acknowledgments, but more especially for her own gratitude. Her name is Donna Theodora; she is the widow of a man, who has left her a very great estate, and she is as generous as rich. I am a Spanish gentleman, and my word ought to satisfy you.

WELL, replied the gardener, I will depend on your promises, and go look for a renegade Catalan of my acquaintance, and propose it to him.—What do you say? interrupted the Toledan, very much surprized; can you rely on a wretch, who has not been ashamed to abandon

his religion for—Though a renegade, interrupted Francisco in his turn, he is yet an honest man, who deserves rather to be pitied than abhorred; and if his crime can admit of any excuse, I should be willing to think him excusable: I will tell you his story in too words.

HE is a native of Barcelona, and a surgeon by profession: Perceiving that he did not succeed in his practice in his native place, he resolved to settle at Carthagená, hoping that he might thrive better by removing. He embarked then for Carthagená with his mother, but they met an Algerine pirate, who took and brought them hither. They were sold, his mother to a Moor, and he to a Turk, who used him so very ill that he turned Mahometan to end his cruel slavery, as also to procure the liberty of his mother, who was very rigorously treated by the Moor her patron. Then entering himself in the Basha's pay, he made several voyages, and got four hundred ducats, part of which he employed in the ransom of his mother; and, to improve it, he intended to rob on the sea for his own account.

HE became a captain, and bought a small vessel without a deck, and with some Turkish soldiers, who willingly joined him, he went to cruize between Carthagená and Alicant, and returned laden with booty. He went out again, and his voyage succeeded so well, that at

last

last he fitted out a larger ship, with which he took several considerable prizes; but his good fortune failing him, he one day attacked an English frigate, who so shattered his ship, that he could scarce regain the port of Algiers, and as the people of this country judge of the merit of the pirates by the success of their enterprises, this renegade began to be despised by the Turks; and growing very uneasy and melancholy he sold his ship, and retired to a house out of the town, where ever since he has lived on the estate he has left, with his mother and several slaves.

I OFTEN visit him, for we lived together with the same patron, and are very great friends. He has disclosed to me his most secret thoughts, and within these three days he told me with tears in his eyes, that his mind could never be at rest, since he had renounced his faith: that to appease the remorse which incessantly disturbed his mind, he was sometimes inclined to quit the turban, and hazard being burnt alive: to repair, by a public acknowledgment of his repentance, the scandal he had cast on the Christians.

THIS is the renegade to whom I design to address myself, continued Francisco; such a man as this you ought not to suspect. Under pretence of going to the * bagnio, I will go to

* That is the place where the slaves meet.

his house, and suggest to him, that instead of consuming himself with sorrow for withdrawing himself from the bosom of the church, he ought to think of means of returning to it: That to execute his design, he need only equip a ship, on pretence, that, tired of an idle life, he would return to the old trade of cruising, and with this ship we will gain the coast of Valencia, where Donna Theodora should give him enough to pass the rest of his days agreeably at Barcelona.

YES, dear Francisco, cried Don Juan, transported with the hopes which the Navarre slave gave him, you may promise the renegade every thing; you and he shall be sure to be rewarded. But do you believe this project really practicable in the manner you have formed it? It may meet with some difficulties which I do not foresee, replied Francisco, but the renegade and I will remove them. Alvaro, added he, as he was leaving him, I have a very good opinion of our enterprize, and hope at my return to bring you good news.

IT was not without anxiety that Don Juan waited for Francisco, who came back in three or four hours. I have talked with the renegade, said he, and proposed our design to him; and, after mature deliberation, we have agreed that he shall buy a small ship ready fitted to go out; and it being allowed to make use of
slaves

slaves for sailors, he shall man the vessel with his own; that, to prevent suspicion, he should engage twelve Turkish soldiers, as though he really intended to go to cruise; but that two days before that which he should assign for his departure, he should embark in the night with his slaves, weigh anchor without any noise, and come to fetch us on board with his skiff, from a little door of the garden near the sea. This is the plan of our enterprize; you may acquaint the captive lady of this, and assure her, that within fifteen days at farthest, she shall be freed from her slavery.

How great was Zarate's joy, to have such a comfortable assurance to carry to Donna Theodora! To obtain permission to see her, he the next day searched for Mezzomorto, and having found him, Pardon me, my lord, said he, if I presume to ask you how you found the beautiful captive. Are you better satisfied—I am delighted, interrupted the dey; her eyes did not turn away from my tenderest addresses; her discourse, which always before consisted of endless reflections on her condition, was not intermixt with any complaints; but she even seemed to hearken to mine, with an obliging attention.

IT is to your endeavours, Alvaro, that I owe this change. I see you know your own country-women; I will have you talk with her again.

gain. Finish what you have so happily begun; exhaust all your wit and address to hasten my felicity, and I will then break your chains; and I swear by the soul of our great prophet, that I will send you home to your own country, so richly laden with presents, that the Christians, when they see thee, shall not believe that thou returnest from slavery.

THE Toledan did not fail to flatter Mezzomorto's error; he feigned himself extremely sensible of his promises; and, under pretence of hastening the accomplishment of the dey's joys, he hastened to see the fair captive, whom he found alone in her chamber, the old women who attended her being employed elsewhere. He told her what the Navarre slave and the renegade had contrived, on the credit of the promises which he made them.

It was no small comfort to Donna Theodora, to hear that such proper measures were taken for her deliverance. Is it possible, said she, in the excess of her joy, that I may hope to see Valencia, my dear country, again? How transporting will the bliss be, after so many fears and dangers, to live at ease with you? Ah, Don Juan, how delightful is that thought! Will you share that pleasure with me? Do you think, that, in delivering me from the dey, it is your wife which you tear from him?

ALAS, answered Zarate, with a deep sigh,
those

those endearing words would delight me, if the remembrance of an unhappy friend did not throw in a bitter which spoils all the sweetness! Forgive me, Madam, that nicety, and confess that Mendoza deserves your compassion; it is for your sake that he went from Valencia, and lost his liberty. I can assure you that at Tunis he is less loaded with the weight of his chains, than the despair of ever revenging your sufferings.

HE undoubtedly merited a better fate, interrupted Donna Theodora; I take heaven to witness that I am thoroughly sensible of all that he has done for me. I share with him the sufferings which I have caused; but, by the cruel malignity of the stars, my heart can never be the price of his services.

THIS conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the two old women who attended Donna Theodora; when Don Juan turned the discourse, and acting the dey's confident, Yes, charming slave, said he to the widow Cifuentes, you have deprived him of liberty, who keeps you in chains. Mezzomorto, your master and mine, the most engaging, and most amiable of all the Turks, is very well pleased with you: Continue to treat him favourably, and you will soon see an end of your griefs. At the end of these words he left Donna Theodora, who did not comprehend their true sense.

AFFAIRS remained during eight days in this posture at the dey's palace, whilst the renegade Catalan bought a small vessel almost compleately fitted for sailing, and prepared for his departure. But six days before he was ready to put to sea, Don Juan met with what very much alarmed his fears.

MEZZOMORTO sent for him, and being entered his closet, Alvaro, said he, you are free: You may return to Spain whenever you please; and these presents I promised you are ready. I saw the fair captive to-day; oh, how vastly different does she appear from the same person, whose griefs have given me so much uneasiness! The sense of her captivity every day wears off. I found her so charming, that I have this moment resolved to marry her. She shall be my wife within the space of two days.

AT these words the Toledan changed colour; and, notwithstanding all the restraint he laid on himself, could not conceal his disturbance and surprize from the dey, who asked him the reason of that disorder.

MY lord, answered Don Juan, all in confusion, I am doubtless surprized to think that one of the greatest lords of the Ottoman empire should so debase himself as to marry a captive. I very well know it is not unprecedented amongst you; but for the illustrious Mezzomorto, who may pretend to the daughter of the principal officers

officers of the port—I allow what you say, interrupted the dey, I might at the same time aspire to the grand vizier's daughter, and flatter myself with the hopes of succeeding my father-in-law; but I have a large estate, and am not very ambitious. I prefer the ease and pleasures which I enjoy in my viziership to that dangerous honour; to which they are no sooner raised, than the fear of the sultans, and the jealousy of those near them, who envy us, precipitate us into the lowest abyss of misery. Besides, I love my slave, and her beauty qualifies her to deserve the dignity to which my affection invites her.

BUT, continues he, in order to deserve the honours I design her, she must this very day change her religion. Do you believe that any ridiculous prejudices will prevail on her to despise my offers? No, my lord, returned the Tolédan, I am persuaded that she will sacrifice all to such a high elevation. But give me leave to tell you, that you ought not to marry her so hastily; do nothing rashly; it is not to be doubted, but that the thoughts of abandoning a religion sucked in with her mother's milk will startle her at first. Give her then time to consider of it; when she represents to herself, that instead of dishonouring and afterwards suffering her to grow old and neglected amongst the rest of your slaves, you join her to yourself by such

a glorious marriage, her gratitude and vanity will by little and little remove those scruples. Put off therefore the execution of your design for eight days only.

THE dey continued some time thinking. He did not at all like the delay his confident proposed, whose advice however appeared reasonable. I yield to your reason, interrupted the dey; though I am so impatient to enjoy the fair captive, I will yet wait eight days. Go immediately to her, and dispose her to accomplish my desires at the expiration of that time. I desire that the same Alvaro, who has so faithfully discharged himself with regard to her, may have the honour to offer her my matrimonial faith.

DON Juan flew to the apartment of Donna Theodora, and informed her what passed betwixt Mezzomorto and him, that she might regulate herself accordingly. He also told her that the renegade's ship would be ready in six days; but she telling him that she was in great pain to know how she should get out of her apartment, since all the doors of the chambers, through which she was obliged to pass to reach the stairs, were close shut: You ought not to give yourself much trouble on that account, Madam, said Don Juan; one of your closet windows opens into the garden, and from
thence

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thence you may go down by a ladder which I will provide you.

ACCORDINGLY, the six days being expired, Francisco told the Toledan, that the renegade was preparing to depart the next night; which you may very well think was expected with great impatience. The time came at last, and what rendered it yet more lucky was that it grew very dark. When the moment destined for the execution of their enterprize came, Don Juan raised a ladder to Donna Theodora's closet-window, who no sooner perceived it, than she descended on it with the utmost concern and haste, and then leaned on Alvaro, who conducted her to the little garden-door, which opened to the sea.

THEY made all possible haste, and beforehand seemed to taste the pleasures of being freed from slavery; but fortune, who was not perfectly reconciled to these lovers, raised a more cruel misfortune than all those which they had hitherto suffered, and which they could not foresee.

THEY were gotten out of the garden, and hastening to the sea-side to reach the boat, which waited for them, when a man, whom they took for one of their crew, and which they did not at all mistrust, came directly to Don Juan, with a naked sword, and stabbing him in the breast, Perfidious Alvaro Ponce, cried he, it is thus
that

that Don Fadrique de Mendoza is obliged to punish a villainous ravisher. You do not deserve that I should attack you like a man of honour.

DON. Juan could not resist the force of the push, which threw him down; and at the same time Donna Theodora, whom he supported, seized at once with amazement, grief, and the fright, swooned away on the other side. Ah! Mendoza, said the Toledan, what have you done? It is Don Juan that you have wounded! Just heaven! replied Don Fadrique, is it possible that I should murder—I forgive you my death, replied Zarate; fate alone is to be blamed, or rather it was designed thus to put an end to our miseries. Yes, my dear Mendoza, I die satisfied, since I put into your hands the beautiful Theodora, who can assure you that my friendship for you has never been violated.

Too generous friend, said Don Fadrique, seized with a violent despair, you shall not die alone; the same sword which plunged thus cruelly into your breast shall punish your murderer. Though my mistake may excuse the crime, it cannot console me. At these words he turned the point of his sword to his breast, run it up to the hilt, and fell upon Don Juan, who fainted away, less weakened by his own wound, than his friend's rage.

FRANCISCO and the renegade, who were but
ten

ten paces off, and who had their reasons that detained them from running to the assistance of the slave Alvaro, were greatly surprized to hear Don Fadrique's words, and to see his last action. They then found their mistake, and that the wounded men were two friends, and not mortal enemies as they thought. They ran to their aid; but finding them senseless, as well as Donna Theodora, who yet remained in her swoon, they were at a loss what measures to take. Francisco was of opinion that they should content themselves with carrying off the lady, and leave the gentlemen on the shore, where, according to all appearance, they would immediately die, if they were not yet dead. But the renegade was not of that opinion: He concluded they ought not to be left; that their wounds might not be mortal, and that he could dress them on board, where he had all the instruments of his former trade, which he had not yet forgotten. Francisco fell in with his opinion.

As he was not ignorant of what importance it was to be expeditious, the renegade and he, by the assistance of some slaves, carried into their vessel the unhappy widow Cifuentes, and her two lovers, yet more wretched than she; and in a few minutes reached their ship. As soon as they were all gotten on board, some of them spread their sails, whilst others on their knees on the deck implored the assistance of heaven,

heaven, by the most fervent petitions which the fear of being pursued by Mezzomorto's ships could inspire.

THE renegade, after having given the management of the ship to a French slave, who understood it perfectly well, applied himself first to Donna Theodora, whom he recovered out of her swoon, and then took such successful care of Don Fadrique and the Toledan, that they also recovered their senses. Donna Theodora, who swooned at the sight of Don Juan's being wounded, was very much amazed to find Mendoza there, and though at the sight of him she really believed that he had fallen on his own sword, for grief of having wounded his friend, yet she could not look on him otherwise than the murderer of the man she loved.

IT was certainly the most affecting scene in the world, to see these three persons returned to themselves; and the condition out of which they had been recovered, though a resemblance of death, did not more deserve pity. The widow Cifuentes earnestly looked on Don Juan, with eyes in which were painted, in lively colours, all the emotions of a soul overwhelmed with grief and despair. And the two friends fixed on her their dying eyes, feebly uttering the most profound sighs.

AFTER having for some time kept a silence equally tender and unhappy, Don Fadrique thus broke

broke it, by addressing himself to Theodora: Madam, said he, before I die, I have yet the satisfaction to see you delivered out of slavery; would to heaven that you were indebted for your liberty to me; but it has appointed that you should owe that obligation to the man you love. I love that rival too well to repine at it, and wish that the wound, which I have been so unhappy as to give him, may not prevent the full enjoyment of your grateful acknowledgments. The lady made no answer to these words, but far from being then sensible of the melancholy fate of Don Fadrique, she was only influenced by the aversion to him, which the present condition of the Toledan had inspired.

IN the mean time the surgeon prepared to examine and probe the wounds. He began with that of Don Juan, and did not find it dangerous, by reason the pass had only glanced below the left pap, and had not touched any of the nobler vital parts. This report very much abated Donna Theodora's affliction, and equally rejoiced Don Fadrique; who turning his head toward that lady, I am satisfied, said he; I leave this life without regret, since my friend is out of danger: I shall not then die laden with your hatred.

THESE words were uttered with such a moving air, that Theodora was affected by them; and as her fear for Don Juan grew over,

ver, she ceased to hate Don Fadrique, and no longer looked on him otherwise than on a man who deserved her compassion: Ah, Mendoza, cried she, influenced by a generous transport, let your wound be dressed, it is not perhaps more dangerous than that of your friend. O yield to our care of your life; and if I cannot make you happy, at least I will not bestow that felicity on another; but out of compassion and tenderness for you, I will withhold the hand which I designed to give Don Juan, and offer to you the same sacrifice which he has made you.

DON Fadrique was going to reply, but the surgeon, afraid that speaking might prejudice him, obliged him to silence, and searched his wound, which he judged mortal, by reason the sword had pierced the upper-part of his lungs, as he concluded from his excessive flux of blood, the consequence of which was very much to be feared. As soon as he had dressed the gentlemen, he caused them to be carried to his own cabin, to lay them on two beds, one next the other, and conducted Donna Theodora thither, whose presence he thought would not be hurtful to them.

NOTWITHSTANDING all this care, Mendoza fell into a fever, and towards night the flux of blood increased. The surgeon then told him he was incurable, and informed him, that

if

if he had any thing to say to his friend, or to Donna Theodora, he had no time to lose. This news greatly afflicted the Toledan; but Don Fadrique received it with indifference. He sent for Donna Theodora, who came to him in a condition much easier to be imagined than described.

HER face was covered with tears, and she sobbed with so much violence, that she disturbed Mendoza. Madam, said he, I am unworthy of those precious tears that you shed: Restrain them, I beg, for a moment: I ask the same of you, dear Zarate, continues he, observing the insupportable grief which his friend shewed. I know that this separation must very sensibly grieve you, I am too well acquainted with your friendship to doubt it; but I beseech of you to stay till my death, and reserve those tears to honour it with those many marks of tenderness and pity; suspend your grief till then, since that touches me more than the loss of my life. I must acquaint you through what labyrinths of fate I was conducted to this fatal shore, where I have tainted myself with my friend's blood and with my own. You must be in pain to know how I could take Don Juan for Don Alvaro, but I will immediately inform you, if the small remainder of life will allow me to make that sad discovery.

SOME hours after the ship in which I was
had

had quitted that wherein I left Don Juan, we met a French privateer, which attacked and took the Tunis-ship, and set us on shore at Allicant. I was no sooner at liberty, than I thought of ransoming Don Juan, to which end I went to Valencia and raised money; and on advice that at Barcelona there were several monks of the order for the redemption of slaves ready to set out for Algiers, I resolved not to lose this opportunity. But before I left Valencia, I intreated Don Francisco de Mendoza, my uncle, to use all his interest at the court of Spain to obtain a pardon for my friend, because my design was to bring him back with me, and re-establish him in his estate, which was confiscated after the death of the duke of Naxera.

As soon as we were arrived at Algiers I went to the places frequented by slaves; but having run through all of them, I did not find what I looked for. I met the Catalan renegade, to whom this vessel belongs, whom I remembered formerly to have been in my uncle's service. I told the occasion of my voyage, and desired him to make a strict search for my friend. I am sorry, Sir, said he, I cannot serve you. I am to leave Algiers to-night with a lady of Valencia, who is a slave to the dey. Pray what is the lady's name? said I. Her name, replied he, is Theodora.

My surprise at hearing this was enough to let

let the renegade see, that I was concerned for that lady. He discovered to me the design he laid to set her at liberty. And as he mentioned one Alvaro in his story, I did not doubt but it was Alvaro Ponce himself. Assist my resentment, cried I transported to the renegade, help me to revenge myself on my enemy. You shall soon be satisfied, answered he, but let me first know your cause of complaint against Alvaro. Upon this I related to him our whole story: and he having heard it, It is enough, cried he: You need only accompany me on the night chosen for our departure, where you will see your enemy, and after you have punished him, you shall take his place, and join with us in conducting Donna Theodora to Valencia.

YET this impatience did not prevent my search after Don Juan; but despairing to hear any news of him, I left money for his ransom in the hands of an Italian merchant, named Francisco Capati, who lives at Algiers, and undertook his ransom if he could ever find him.

AT last the night appointed for our departure and my revenge came, when I went to the renegade, who led me to that part of the sea-shore behind Mezzomorto's gardens. We stopt at a little door that soon opened, whence came out a man, who made directly up to us, and pointing with his finger to a man and woman
who

who were coming after him, Those who come after me, said he, are Alvaro and Donna Theodora.

AT this sight, enraged to the last degree, I drew my sword, ran to the unfortunate Alvaro, and persuaded that it was my hateful rival whom I was approaching, I wounded that faithful friend, whose uncertain fate was the cause of all my disturbance. But, thanks to heaven, continued he in a milder tone, my mistake will neither cost him his life, nor the eternal tears of Donna Theodora.

AH, Mendoza, interrupted the lady, you injure my affliction; I shall never comfort myself for the loss of you: for though I should even marry your friend, it would be only uniting our griefs: Your love, your friendship, and your misfortunes would be the whole subject of our discourse. It is too much, Madam, replied Don Fadrique; I am not worthy your so long lamenting for me. Allow, I conjure you, Zarate to marry you, after he shall have revenged you of Alvaro Ponce. Don Alvaro is no more, replied the widow Cisuentes; the same day that he seized me, he was killed by the pirate who took me.

MADAM, said Mendoza, this news delights me: My friend will the sooner be happy; follow without restraint your passion for each other. I see with joy the moment approaching,
which

which will remove the obstacle your compassion and his generosity have raised to prevent your mutual happiness. May all your days be spent in peace and union, which the jealousy of fortune may not dare to disturb. Adieu, Madam; adieu, Don Juan; vouchsafe both of you sometimes to remember a man, who never loved any so well as you.

DON Juan and Theodora, instead of answering, redoubled their tears, and Don Fadrique, who perceived it, and found himself very ill, thus continued: I grow too tender; death already surrounds me; and I forget to supplicate the divine goodness, to pardon my having shortened a life, which it alone ought to have disposed of. At these words he lift up his eyes to heaven with all the signs of a sincere repentance, and the flux of blood immediately occasioned a suffocation, which carried him off.

THEN Don Juan, hurried by his despair, tore off the dressings, and would have rendered his wound incurable; but Francisco and the renegade threw themselves on him, and opposed his distraction; and Donna Theodora, terribly affrighted at this furious transport, assisted them both in diverting Don Juan from his design. She besought him with such a moving air, that, returning to himself, he suffered his wound to be again bound up; and at last the interest of a lover, by slow degrees, abated the rage of a friend.

friend. But if he recovered his reason, it served only to prevent the distracted effects of his grief, and not to diminish the sense of it.

THE renegade, who, amongst other things he had brought out of Spain, had some excellent Arabian balsam and precious perfumes, embalmed Mendoza's body, at the request of the lady and Don Juan, who assured him, that at Valencia they would perform his funeral obsequies. The two lovers too passionately indulged their grief all the while they were on board; but the rest were more chearful, and, the wind being favourable, they were not long before they discovered the coasts of Spain.

AT that sight all the slaves gave themselves up to joy; and when the vessel was happily arrived at the port of Denia, every one took a different course. The widow Cifuentes and the Toledan sent a courier to Valencia with letters for the governor, and Donna Theodora's family. The news of that lady's return was received with all possible expressions of joy by all her relations; but Don Francisco de Mendoza was extremely afflicted at the loss of his nephew; he discovered it very plainly when he accompanied the widow Cifuentes's relations to Denia, where he desired to see the corps of the unhappy Don Fadrique. The good old man then melted into tears, and uttered such lamentable complaints as sensibly affected all the spectators.

spectators. He enquired by what adventure his nephew fell.

I WILL tell you, my lord, said the Toledan; far from blotting it out of my memory, I take a melancholy pleasure in continually calling him to mind, and feeding my sorrows. He then related to him the sad accident; and the recital of his story drawing fresh tears from him, redoubled those of Don Francisco. As for Donna Theodora, her relations expressed their great joy to see her again, and congratulated her on the miraculous manner of her delivery from the tyranny of Mezzomorto.

AFTER a perfect relation of all particulars, Don Fadrique's corps was put into a coach, and carried to Valencia, but not buried there; because Don Francisco de Mendoza, preparing to live at Madrid, resolved to have his nephew's body carried to that city.

WHILE all manner of preparations were making for their journey, the widow Cifuentes loaded Francisco and the renegade with presents equal to their desires. Francisco went to Navarre, and the renegade immediately returned with his mother to Barcelona; there having renounced his errors, and reconciled himself to the church, he lives in a reputable manner at this present time.

IN the meanwhile also Don Francisco received a packet from the court, wherein was Don

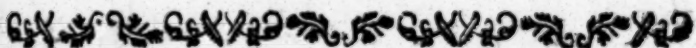
Juan's pardon; which the king, notwithstanding the great value he had for the house of Naxera, could not refuse the Mendoza's, who all joined in soliciting it. This news was the more pleasing to the Toledan, because it procured him the liberty of accompanying the corps of his friend, which he durst not have done without it.

AT last they all set forwards, accompanied by a great number of persons of quality; and as soon as they arrived at Madrid, they interred the corps of Don Fadrique in a church, where Zarate and Donna Theodora raised a noble monument over his grave. They did not stop there; but kept themselves in mourning for their friend for the space of a whole year, to eternize their grief and friendship.

AFTER having given such signal marks of their tenderness for Mendoza, they married; but, by an inconceivable effect of the power of friendship, Don Juan long retained his melancholy for his friend, which nothing was able to remove. Don Fadrique was always present in his thoughts; he saw him every night in his dreams, and commonly just as he had seen him breathing his last. But yet his reason began to dispel these melancholy views; and Donna Theodora's charms, with which he was enchanted, triumphed, by little and little, over the sad remembrance of Mendoza. In short,

at

at last Don Juan was going to live happily, and very contentedly ; but a few days since he fell from his horse as he was hunting, and hurt his head ; the wound grew to an imposthume, so that the physicians could not save him. He is just dead ; and Theodora, the lady whom you see in the arms of two women who are watching her distraction, may probably soon follow him.



C H A P. VII.

Of dreams.

WHEN Asmodeus had finished the recital of this story, Don Cleofas said to him, This is a very fine image of friendship, but it is rare to find two men love one another like Don Juan and Don Fadrique ; and I believe it will be more difficult to meet with two ladies so good friends, as generously to make a reciprocal sacrifice of their lovers to each other.

WITHOUT doubt, says the devil, it is what has not been yet, and never will be seen in this world : Women are not so complaisant to one another. Suppose two ladies love each other in an unusual degree, their friendship

may be tender and sincere, and they may even forbear speaking ill of one another in absence; such good friends they may be, and that, I assure you, is a great deal; yet if you meet with them, and incline more to the one than the other, rage presently seizes the fair one that is slighted, not that she loves you, but she would be preferred. This is the nature of all women; they are too jealous one of another to be capable of cherishing sentiments of friendship.

THE story of these two unparalleled friends, replied Leandro Perez, is a little romantic, and has taken up too much time. The night is already far advanced, and we shall immediately see the day begin to break. But still I expect a fresh entertainment from you. I see abundance of people asleep, and should be glad to know what they are dreaming of. With all my heart, answered Asmodeus, I see you love variety, and I will oblige you.

I DOUBT not, said Zambullo, but I shall hear a great many very ridiculous dreams. Why so? answered the cripple. You, who are master of Ovid, must know what the poet says, that it is toward day-break that dreams are truest, because at that time the soul is disengaged from the vapours arising from digestion. For my part, replied the student, whatever Ovid may please to say on this matter, I have

have no faith in dreams. You are in the wrong then, answered Asmodeus ; one should neither believe them all, nor treat them all as chimerical, for they are a sort of liars that sometimes speak truth. The emperor Augustus, whose head sure was as good as a student's, despised no dreams wherein he found himself concerned ; and, at the battle of Philippi, was very near leaving his tent, upon the recital of a dream relating to him. I could give a thousand instances to convince you of your rashness, but shall pass them over to oblige you in this new inclination you so much long to have satisfied.

LET us begin with that fine house on the right hand ; the master of it, whom you see sleeping in those rich lodgings, is a liberal and debauched count ; he is dreaming that he is at the play, that he hears a young actress sing, and is enchanted by the voice of this syren.

IN the next apartment lies the countess, his wife, who is desperately fond of play. She is dreaming that she has no money, and is pawning her jewels to a jeweller, who lends her three hundred pistoles on them at common interest.

IN the next house to this lives a marquis, who is in love with a celebrated coquet ; he dreams that he has borrowed a considerable sum of money to make her a present ; and his

steward, who lies in that chamber there, a story higher, that he is growing rich as his master grows poor: Well! what think you of these two dreams, do they appear extravagant? No really, replied Don Cleofas, I find Ovid was in the right: but I would very fain know what spark that is who is asleep with his mustaches in papers, like ladies favourites, and in his sleep has an air of gaiety, which persuades me he is no vulgar fellow. It is a country gentleman, replied the cripple, a viscount of Arragon, proud and vain; his soul is this very moment swimming in joy, for he dreams that he is with a great lord of the court, who gives him the place of honour at a public ceremony.

BUT in the same house I see two brothers, physicians, who are in very mortifying dreams; one dreams that there is a law made, forbidding any one to give a physician a fee, unless the patient be cured: And his brother, that there is an order published, requiring all doctors to go into mourning for all patients that die in their hands. Would to God, quoth the student, this last order was true, and every doctor was obliged to go to the funeral of his patients, as the lieutenant-criminal in France is bound to be present at the execution of the malefactor he has condemned. The comparison is just, replied Asmodeus; all the difference

rence is, that the latter may be said to see his sentence put into execution, whereas the other has already executed his.

HERE Don Cleofas interrupted the dæmon, crying, See, see, who is that gentleman there that rubs his eyes, and gets up so hastily? It is a courtier, replied Asmodeus, who is soliciting for a government in New Spain; a frightful dream has awaked him: He dreamt the first minister had looked coldly on him. I see too a young creature that seems just waked, and not very well pleased with her dream. It is a young lady of condition, one as prudent as she is beautiful, who is besieged by two lovers. She has a very great tenderness for the one, and a horrid aversion for the other. She just now saw, in her dream, the gallant she detests at her feet: and he shewed so much love, and was so pressing, that, had she not waked, she was going to treat him with more kindness than she ever treated the other she loves. During sleep, nature throws off the restraints of reason and virtue.

Look upon the house at the corner of that street: There lives an attorney; see, he is abed with his wife, in a chamber hung with old tapestry hangings with antique figures: He dreams that he is going to pay a visit to one of his clients in the alms-house, and gives him charity out of his own pocket; and his wife,

that her husband has turned a young clerk, of whom he was jealous, out of doors. I hear somebody snore, said the student, and believe it is that fat fellow there, in the little room, on the left hand of us. The very same, replied the cripple; it is a prebend dreaming he is saying his prayers.

NEXT to him is a mercer, who sells very dear bargains to people of quality, but all upon trust; he has above ten thousand crowns owing him: He dreams his debtors are bringing him his money; and his creditors are dreaming that he is on the point of breaking. These two dreams, said Zambullo, did not come out of the temple of sleep by the same gate: No, I assure you, replied Asmodeus: The first for certain came out at the ivory gate, and the second at that of horn.

IN the house next to the mercer lives a famous bookseller; he printed a book that went off very well a little while ago. When he bought it, he promised to give the author fifty pistoles on a second edition; and he dreams now of reprinting it without informing him of it.

AH! does he so, says the student; I need not ask out of which gate this dream came, and I do not doubt but it will prove one of the truest that ever he had in his life. I am acquainted with those worthy gentlemen, the
bookfellers:

bookfellers : they make no manner of conscience of cheating their authors. The dæmon answered, very true ; but you should speak what you know of those worthy gentlemen the authors too. Upon my word, they have no more conscience than the bookfellers. A little adventure, that happened not a hundred years ago at Madrid, shall convince you of it.

THREE bookfellers were at supper together at a tavern. The conversation turned upon the scarcity of good modern books. Thereupon one of them said, As you are my friends, I will tell you, in confidence, what a bargain I had some days ago. I bought a copy, it was a little dear indeed, but written by such a hand !——it is old gold ! Another of them took up the discourse, telling them what a bargain he had the day before. And I too, gentlemen, cried the third in his turn, will be as communicative as either of you ; I have a jewel of a manuscript to shew you, and it was but this very day I had this lucky hit. At the same time each drew out of their pockets the valuable copy they had been talking of, and as it appeared to be a new piece for the stage, called the Wandering Jew, they were in amaze to see the same copy had been sold to them all three.

IN another house, continued he, I see a timorous respectful lover, who is just awake.

He is in love with a brisk young widow, and dreamed that he had her in the middle of a wood, where he said abundance of soft things to her, and she to him: As, "Ah! there's no resisting you; I should yield to you, if I was not on my guard against all mankind; they are so false, I dare not trust them upon their words, I am for actions. What actions, Madam, replied the lover, do you require of me? Must I undertake the twelve labours of Hercules to shew my love? No, no, Don Nicasio, says the lady, I do not demand any such thing of you, I only"—and then he awoke.

PRAY, says Zambullo, tell me, why the man, who is asleep in yonder dark-coloured bed, talks to himself as if he was possessed. Asmodeus answered, Oh! that is a notable licentiate, who is in a dream, that puts him in a terrible agitation; it is no less than that he is in dispute, and maintaining the immortality of the soul against a little doctor of physic, who is as good a catholic as physician. On the second floor with the licentiate lives a gentleman of Estremadura, named Baltazar Fanfaronico, who is come post to court, to demand a reward for having killed a Portuguese with a blunderbuss; do you know what he is dreaming of? why, that they have given him the government

vernment of Antequere, and yet he is not content ; he thinks he deserves a viceroyalty.

I SEE two persons of consequence in furnished lodgings dreaming very disagreeably. One of them, governor of a fort, dreams he is besieged in it, and after a feeble resistance he is obliged to surrender himself and his garrison prisoners of war. The other is the bishop of Murcia : This eloquent prelate has orders to preach a sermon at the funeral of a princess, which is to be in two days. He dreams he is in the pulpit, and that he stops short at the very entrance of his discourse. It is not impossible, said Don Cleofas, for such an unlucky accident really to happen. No indeed, replied the dæmon, and it is not long since it happened in good earnest to his lordship on such another occasion.

SHALL I shew you a man that is used to walk in his sleep ? Only look into the stables belonging to this house, and tell me what you see there ? I observe, said Leandro Perez, a man in his shirt, with a curry-comb in his hand. So he has, replied Asmodeus ; it is a groom sleeping, who every night rises out of his bed and curries his horses in his sleep, and then goes to bed again. The people of the house think it is some whimsical spirit, and the groom himself is of their mind.

IN that large house over the way lives an
old

old knight of the Golden Fleece, who was formerly viceroy of Mexico. He is fallen sick, and as he apprehends he shall die, his viceroyalty begins to make him uneasy. Indeed his conduct in it is enough to make him so. The records of New Spain do not speak of him with honour. He has just had a dream, the horror of which is not yet quite over, and probably it may send him into the other world.

THIS dream then, said Zambullo, must be very extraordinary. You shall hear it, replied Asmodeus, it has something very remarkable in it. This lord just now dreamt that he was in the regions of the dead, where all the Mexicans, who have been the victims of his injustice and cruelty, came pouring in upon him, loading him with injurious and reproachful language, and would even have torn him to pieces, but that he took to his heels, and so escaped their fury. After which, he found himself in a great hall hung with black cloth, where were his father and grandfather sitting at a table with three covers on it. These two mournful guests made signs to him to come near them, and his father said, with the gravity natural to the deceased, We have long expected you ; come and take your place amongst us.

THE villain is mad, cried the student ; we must pardon a sick man if he is light-headed.

In return, said Asmodeus, his niece, who lies in the apartment over him, is passing the night most deliciously. Her slumbers offer to her the most agreeable ideas. She is between twenty and thirty, ugly and ill-shaped, and is dreaming that her uncle, whose sole heiress she is, is dead; and that a croud of young noblemen are flocking about her, and contending who shall have the glory of being most in her good graces.

IF I am not mistaken, said Don Cleofas, I hear somebody laugh behind us. No, you are not mistaken, replied the dæmon; it is a woman hard by laughing in her sleep. She is a widow who sets up for a prude, and whose darling pleasure is scandal; she dreams she is talking with an old devout lady, whose conversation greatly delights her.

I MUST laugh in my turn too, said Asmodeus, at that honest citizen in the room under the widow, who can scarce live tolerably on what he has. He dreams of picking up pieces of gold and silver, and that the more he picks up, the more remain. He has already filled a great chest with them. Poor soul! said the student, he will not long enjoy his treasure. No, said the cripple; when he wakes, he will be in the same condition as the rich man on his death-bed; he will see all his riches vanish.

IF

IF you have any curiosity to know the dreams of those two actresses, I will let you into them. One of them is dreaming she is catching birds with a bird call, and that still as she takes them, she strips off their feathers, and throws them to be devoured by a fine large boar-cat she is fond of, and who is the only gainer by them. The other fancies she is turning a pack of greyhounds and Danish dogs, which she used to admire, out of her house, and that she intends to keep only one fine sleek lap-dog, which she has taken into favour. Two very surprising dreams ! cried the student. I fancy if we had interpreters of dreams at Madrid, as they had formerly at Rome, they would be horribly perplexed to explain them. Not so much as you think, answered Asmodeus. A very little light into what passes among those gentry of the stage, would give one a very plain interpretation of them.

FOR my part, said the student, I neither understand nor trouble my head about them. I had much rather know who that lady is asleep in the rich bed of yellow velvet, fringed with silver, by whom there is a stand, with a candle and book on it. She is a lady with a title, replied the dæmon, who has a very genteel equipage, all which she is resolved shall consist of tall, smart fellows. One of her customs is to read a-bed, without which she is not able to lay

lay her eyes together all night. Last night she took Ovid's metamorphoses to bed with her, and her reading that is the occasion of the extravagant dream she is in at present. She is fancying that Jupiter is fallen in love with her, and is hiring himself to her in the form of a tall well-shaped valet.

Now we are upon metamorphoses, here is another more pleasant one. I discern a player, who is, in his sleep, enjoying the pleasure of a dream that flatters him very agreeably. This actor is so old, that there is not a soul in Madrid who can say they saw the first of him. He has been upon the stage so long, that one may say he is theatrified, and has a genius, but is so proud and vain of it, that he imagines he is something more than human. Would you know what this mock-hero is dreaming off? That he is dying, and sees all the deities of Olympus met together to decide what they shall do with a mortal of his importance. He hears Mercury telling the council of the gods, that so celebrated a comedian, after acting the part of Jupiter and the rest of the chief divinities so often, ought not to undergo the common fate of mankind, but that he ought to be received amongst themselves. Momus applauds Mercury's opinion, but some of the other gods and goddesses being against so new an apothe-
osis,

ofis, Jupiter, to avoid disputes, turns this old comedian into a scene.

THE cripple was going on, when Zambullo interrupted him: Hold, said he, Signior Asmodeus, you do not perceive it is day. I am afraid they may spy us out on this house. If the rabble should once have a view of your lordship's figure, they will never have done shouting.

I WILL warrant they shall never see us, answered the dæmon. I have the same power as those fabulous divinities we have been talking of. And as the amorous son of Saturn hid himself in a cloud on mount Ida, that they might not see him carefs his dear consort Juno, so I will raise a mist that the sight of man shall not be able to penetrate, and which shall not hinder your seeing whatever I intend to shew you. No sooner said but done, a thick vapour immediately furrounded them, yet as dark as it was, it hid nothing from Zambullo's eyes.

LET us return to our dreams, continued Asmodeus.—But I do not consider, added he, that the manner in which I have made you pass the night must have tired you. I think I must carry you home, and let you sleep for two or three hours. In the mean while I will take a turn over the four quarters of the world, and play some of my pranks; after which I will come and take you up, and we will divert ourselves

selves afresh. I am neither sleepy nor wearied, answered Don Cleofas; instead of leaving me, I pray oblige me in letting me into the various designs of those people that I see up, and going out. What are they going upon so early? What you would know, replied Asmodeus, is worth your observation. You are going to see a picture of the cares, motions, and pains that poor mortals give themselves in this life, in order to fill up that little space between their birth and their grave as pleasantly as they can.



C H A P. VIII.

Where you will see several originals, that are not without their copies.

LET us begin first with that groupe of beggars already in the street. They are so many debauchees, most of them of good families, that live in a community like monks, and pass almost every night in debauchery in their own house, where there is always an ample provision of bread, meat, and wine. See they are parting in order to go to play their different parts in the churches, and at night will meet and drink the health of those well-disposed

disposed Christians, who piously contribute towards their expences. Do but observe the contrivances of those rogues, in disguising themselves, and moving people's pity. No coquet better knows how to dress herself in order to draw in a coxcomb.

EXAMINE those three narrowly that are together on the same side the way. He on crutches, who trembles as if in a fit of an ague, and seems to walk with so much pain, that you would think he would tumble to the ground every step he takes, though he has on a long grey beard, and looks so decrepit, is a young hale fellow, so nimble and light, that he would out-run a stag. The other with a scald head is a handsome youth, whose head is covered with a skin that hides a head of hair fit for a court-page. And the other, with his breech in a bowl, is a comical dog; he has the art of fetching such lamentable sounds from the bottom of his stomach, that at his dismal accents, there is not an old woman but what will come down four pair of stairs to give him a farthing.

WHILST these idle vermin, under pretence of poverty, are picking the pockets of the publick, I see a world of industrious artizans, though Spaniards, that are preparing to get their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. On all sides I perceive men rising and dressing themselves,

themselves, in order to go to their several employments. How many designs formed this night, will, before the next, be executed, or vanish into air! What various steps will interest, love, and ambition occasion!

WHAT is that I see in the street, interrupted Zambullo? Who is that woman loaded with medals, that a footman is leading with so much haste? Her business must be pressing, sure. Yes, certainly, answered Asmodeus; it is a venerable matron trotting to a house where her assistance is immediately wanted. She is going to an actress, who is screaming out, and has two cavaliers with her that seem to be in great concern. One is her husband, and the other a man of quality, concerned in what is going forward: for an actress's labour is like Alcmena's, always owing to a Jupiter and an Amphitryon.

WOULD not one say, to see that gentleman o' horseback with his gun, that he was going to make war upon all the hares and partridges about Madrid; and yet that diversion is the farthest from his thoughts; he is taken up with another design. He is going to a little village, where he will disguise himself like a peasant, and in that dress be introduced to a farmer's, where his mistress lives under the care of a severe and watchful mother.

THAT young graduate you see taking such
hasty

hasty strides, goes every morning to make court to an old uncle of his, whose prebendary he has an eye upon. Fix your eyes on that house over against us, you see a man putting on his cloak, and preparing to go out. It is an honest rich citizen, whose rest is broken by a very weighty affair. He has an only daughter to dispose of. He does not know whether he shall bestow her upon a young attorney that courts her, or a haughty Hidalgo that demands her. He is going to consult his friends about it, and really it is a very perplexing affair. He is afraid if he should chuse the gentleman, that he may have a son-in-law to despise him; on the other side, if he should take the attorney, he is afraid lest he should take a worm into his family to eat up all the goods in it.

PRAY observe a neighbour of this perplexed father, a man in a night-gown of red brocade flowered with gold, in that house so richly furnished. He is a wit that sets up for a man of quality, notwithstanding his mean birth. It is not ten years since he was not worth a groat, and at present he has ten thousand ducats a-year. He has a very pretty equipage, but he maintains it by pinching his table, the frugality of which is so great, that he generally eats his tit-bit by himself. Not but that, out of ostentation, he sometimes entertains people of rank,

rank, and has to-day invited several counsellors of state to dine with him. To this end he has just now sent for a cook, and is going to haggle with him for an odd farthing, after which he will write down on cards the several courses and dishes they agreed upon. This fellow you are talking of must be a confounded miser, said the student. Why, answered Asmodeus, all beggars that leap into estates turn misers or prodigals. It is the rule.

PRAY tell me, said Zambullo, who that fair lady is that I see at her toilet, entertaining a very handsome young fellow. Oh really, said Asmodeus, what you see there very well deserves your observation. That lady is a German widow, who lives upon her jointure at Madrid, and keeps very good company; and the gentleman with her is a young lord, called Don Antonio de Monfalva.

THOUGH he be of one of the best families in Spain, yet he has promised the widow to have her, and has to that end given her a promissory note for three thousand pistoles. But he is crossed in this affair by his relations, who have threatened to confine him, if he do not break off all correspondence with the lady, whom they look upon as a designing creature. The gallant, mortified to see them all oppose his inclination, came last night to pay his mistress a visit, who, seeing him uneasy, asked him

him the occasion of it. He told her, at the same time assuring her, that all the opposition he could suffer from his family should never shake his constancy. The lady appeared delighted with his resolution, and they parted about midnight very well contented with each other.

MONSALVA came again this morning, and finding his widow at her toilet, began to entertain her again upon the subject of his passion. While they were chatting, the lady took off the papers from her hair, and the cavalier, without reflection, took up one of them, unfolded it, and seeing his own hand, How, Madam, said he smiling, is this the use you put your billets-doux to? Yes, Monsalvo, answered she, you see to what use I put those promises that young gentlemen make, who would have me against the consent of their families; I put up my curls with them. When Monsalva found it was really his note the lady had torn, he could not help admiring her disinterestedness, and again swore to her an eternal constancy.

CAST your eye, pursued the cripple, upon that tall lean fellow walking just under us, with a large common-place-book under his arm, an inkhorn at his button, and a guitar on his back. The man, said Don Cleofas, makes but a foolish appearance, and I warrant is an original. Certainly, replied Asmodeus, he is an odd mortal;

mortal; but there are cynic philosophers in Spain, and he is one. He is going to a meadow near Buen-retiro, where there is a clear fountain, whose limpid waters form a stream that wanders amongst the flowers. He will stay there the whole day contemplating the beautiful riches of nature, playing upon the guitar, and writing his reflections into his common-place-book. He has the food he generally lives on in his pocket, that is, a few onions and a slice of bread. This is the sober and abstemious life he has lived these ten years, and if any Aristippus were to tell him, as he did Diogenes, "If thou knewest how to make thy court to the great, thou wouldst not eat onions," our modern philosopher would answer, "I could make my court to the great, as well as thou, if I would debase one man so low as to make him cringe to another."

AND, indeed, this philosopher was formerly very assiduous in his addresses to great men, who in effect made his fortune; but finding that their service was no other than an honourable slavery, he broke off all correspondence with them. He kept a coach, which he laid down, because he saw he bespattered men that were better than himself. Nay, he has gone so far as to give away almost all his estate amongst his relations that wanted it; and has only reserved a subsistence in the way he lives;

for he thinks it as dishonourable for a philosopher to beg of the common people as of the grandees.

PITY the cavalier who is walking after the philosopher with a dog; he may boast of being of one of the best families in Castile. He was rich, but ruined himself, like Lucian's Timon, by treating his friends every day, especially by making grand entertainments upon the birthdays and marriages of princes or princesses; in short, on every occasion Spain has had to make rejoicings: But the moment his parasitical friends saw this reverse of fortune, they disappeared and abandoned him. None but his dog continued faithful to him.

TELL me, Signior Asmodeus, cried Leandro Perez, what means all that noise. It is, answered the cripple, one of the ladies you lately saw round a table at cards; affrighted at the disagreeable sight of day, she is come home, and it is her page that is thundering at her door. You see she is alighted out of her coach, got within doors, and is sat down; she has just lost five hundred ducats, and cannot go to bed till her maid has brought her a pack of cards; and she is going to wake her husband to shew him how she lost the last game; then falls into a passion, goes raving to bed, and rails at the good man for not getting a place at court.

By

By what I can find, interrupted Zambullo, the good man has a blessed time, to be tied to a baggage, who, not content with running out his fortune, must arraign his conduct, and rob him of his repose besides. Oh! replied the cripple, you do not know the artifices of women. She has begun first, for fear of having the tables turned upon her.

VERY well, very well, upon my word, answered the student laughing: But methinks I see another equipage in the same street. Yes, replied Asmodeus, it belongs to a rich contador, who every morning comes to a house hard by, where lives a Bona Roba, who is under the care of this sinner of Moorish race, whom he loves to distraction. Last night he heard she had been playing him a trick, upon the news of which he falls into a passion, and writes her a letter full of threats and reproaches. You will hardly guess how our little jilt behaved upon the occasion; instead of having the assurance to deny the fact, she has this very morning sent him word that his provocations are just, that he ought for the future to look on her with contempt, since she could have the baseness to wrong so gallant a man; that she acknowledges and detests her fault, and that, to punish herself for it, she has already cut off her fine hair, which he knows she doats on; in a word, that she is determined to go expiate her

her crime in a nunnery, and there pass the rest of her life in repentance.

BUT the old dotard is not able to hold out against his mistress's pretended remorse, and is got up thus early to make her a visit. He has found her in tears; and she has played her part so well, that he has just pardoned her for what is past, and to comfort her for the loss of her hair, he is this moment promising her to make her lady of a manor, by buying her a fine estate, which is actually to be sold in the country near the Escorial.

I DO not know what recompence he can make her for the next trick she plays him, interrupted Don Cleofas, without he marry her. But pray who is that pretty woman yonder, continued he, so earnestly talking to her maid? Some good housewife, to be sure, by her being up so early. You are mistaken, answered the cripple, she has not yet been a-bed, but is going, and giving her maid orders not to let in her husband 'till she has called her up to rattle him for making her sit up so late. Rather early, said the student; true, answered Asmodeus: But pray look into that tavern, there is the good man calling for another bottle, because he is afraid to go home at this time of day, and is therefore bottling up all the courage he can, to stand his wife's thunder.

ALL the shops are open, said Zambulle,
and

and I discern a cavalier going into a cook's. He is, replied the dæmon, a young fellow of a good family, who is eat up with the itch of writing, and is absolutely resolved to set up for an author. Not that he wants wit, nay, he has sufficient to criticise such pieces as appear upon the stage; but not enough to write a tolerable one himself. He is going into the cook's to order a great dinner; for this very day he treats four players, whom he would fain engage to protect a scurvy piece of his, which he is going to bring into their house.

Now we are upon the subject of authors, continued he, there are two who are met in the street. See with what a sneer they salute; they despise each other, and very justly. The one writes as easily as the poet Crispinus, whom Horace compares to a smith's bellows; and the other spends a vast deal of time in cool insipid compositions.

Who is that little man coming out of his coach at that church-porch? said Don Cleofas. He is, answered Asmodeus, a person well worth your observation. It is not ten years since he quitted the profession of a notary, where he was head clerk, to bury himself in a monastery of Carthusians at Saragossa: He had not passed six months of his noviciate, before he bid adieu to his convent, and appeared again at Madrid. His acquaintance were sur-

prized to see him all at once jump into the place of one of the principal members of the council of the Indies, and his sudden rise is still the subject of conversation. Some say he has sold himself to the devil ; others, that he is in the good graces of some rich dowager ; and others, in short, that he has found a treasure. But you know the truth of it, interrupted Don Cleofas. Oh ! as to that certainly I do, replied the cripple, and so far as that mystery, will make you as wise as myself.

DURING our monk's noviciate, it happened one day, whilst he was digging a deep hole in the garden to plant a tree there, he cast his eye upon a brass casket, which he opened, and within it found a gold box, which had in it about thirty exceeding fine diamonds. Though he had no judgment in jewels, he could not help thinking he had met with a very good booty ; and immediately coming to the same resolution as judge Gripus in one of Plautus's comedies, who having found a treasure, gave over the profession of a fisherman, he threw off the gown, and by the assistance of a jeweller, who was his friend, converted his precious stones into pieces of gold, and his pieces of gold into a post, which enables him now to stand a distinguished publican at the receipt of custom.



C H A P. IX.

What else Asmodeus shewed Zambullo.

I MUST make you laugh a little, pursued Asmodeus, with a passage concerning that man going into a chocolate-house. He is a physician of Biscay; and is going to drink a dish of chocolate, after which he will play the whole day at chess.

BUT whilst he is busy, you need lie under no apprehension for his patients, for he has none; and if he had, the moments he spends at his beloved game would not be the most unhappy for them. He never fails visiting a handsome rich widow every night, whom he would fain marry, and pretends a vast passion for. Whilst he is with her, a rogue of a valet, who is the only servant he has, and is let into the affair, brings him a pretended list of names of several people of quality, who have sent for him. The widow takes all this for gospel, and our chess-player is upon the point of winning his party.

BUT let us stop a little at that fine house over-against us. I must not go on, without shewing you the people that live there. Examine the apartments. What do you see in them?

them? I see some ladies there, answered Don Cleofas, and am dazzled with their beauty. Some of them I see rising, and others already up. What charms they discover to my eyes! I fancy I see so many of Diana's nymphs, just as the poets paint them.

If these women, you so much admire, replied the cripple, have the charms of Diana's nymphs, it is too sure they have not their chastity. They are four or five ladies of pleasure who live together upon a general stock. Their dangerous charms draw heedless young fellows in, like those fair damsels who by their allurements caused such knights, as passed by the castles they inhabited, to stop. Woe to such who suffer themselves to be wheedled by them! To let passengers know the danger they are in, there should be a mark set upon such houses, in the same manner as they are placed along a river, to shew such passages one should not come near.

I NEED not ask you, said Zambullo, where those noblemen are going in their coaches; to be sure they are going to the king's levee. You are right, answered Asmodeus, and if you have a mind to go thither too, I will carry you. We shall meet with something diverting there. You could have proposed nothing more agreeable, replied the student, it is so great a pleasure that I taste it beforehand.

UPON

UPON which, the dæmon, ready to obey all Don Cleofas's motions, flew with him to the king's palace : but before they got thither, Zambullo perceiving some men at work upon a very lofty gate, asked the cripple if it was not the gate of a church they were building. No, answered Asmodeus, it is the gate of a new market, and is very grand, as you see. Yet were they to carry it up to the clouds, it will never come up to the two excellent Latin verses that are designed for an inscription to it.

WHAT is that you tell me, cried Leandro ? Or what idea would you give me of these verses ? I long to hear them. They are these, replied the dæmon. Prepare yourself to admire them.

*Quam bene Mercurius nunc merces vendit opimas,
Morus ubi fatuos vendidit ante sales !*

THERE is one of the prettiest puns in the world in these two verses. I cannot find out all the beauty of them, said the student. I do not well understand what *fatuos sales* means. You do not know then, answered Asmodeus, that on the ground where this market is building, stood a college of monks that taught school. The masters used to make their scholars act plays, but such insipid pieces, so

strangely larded with interludes, that even the preterperfect tenses and supines of verbs were not excused dancing. Oh! pray no more of them, interrupted Zambullo, I know but too well what stuff those college-performances are! The inscription is admirable!

SCARCE were the dæmon and Leandro got upon the stair-case leading to the king's apartment, when they saw several courtiers going up, and still as any of those noblemen passed by them, the cripple played the part of a Nomenclator: See there, said he to the student, pointing to them with his finger one after another, that is Count Villalonso of the family of Puebla d'Ellerena; this is the Marquis of Castro Fuestes; that there is Don Lopez de los Rios, first lord of the treasury; this here is the Count de Villa Hombrosa. Nor did he only tell their names, but their characters too, always maliciously adding some stroke of satire, giving every one of them a wipe.

THIS lord, said he of one of them, is affable and obliging: He listens to you with an air of condescension: Do you want his protection, he grants it you generously, and besides offers you his interest. It is a pity a man, who so much loves to oblige, has so short a memory, that in a quarter of an hour after you have been talking with him, he forgets what you have been saying.

THAT

THAT duke, speaking of another, is one of the most agreeable characters of any man at court: He is not changing every quarter of an hour, like the rest of his brethren; he has no caprice, no inequality in his humour. Besides, he is not ungrateful to such as shew an affection for his person or do him any service; but unluckily he is a little too tardy in acknowledging them; he lets people wait so long for any favour they expect, that whenever they obtain it, they think they have paid very dear for it.

AFTER Asmodeus had acquainted the student with the good and ill qualities of a great number of those noblemen, he carried him into a hall, where were people of all ranks, and amongst them so many knights, that Don Cleofas cried out, Bless me, what a number of knights are here! Sure, there must be a great many in Spain! That there are, replied the cripple; nor ought it to be surprising, since to be a knight of St. Jago, or Calatrava, it is not necessary, as it formerly was at Rome, to have five and twenty thousand crowns inheritance: and indeed you see they are a very sophisticated kind of a commodity.

OBSERVE that mean-looking man behind you. Speak lower, interrupted the student, the man hears you. No, no, answered Asmodeus, the same charm that makes us invi-

fible, prevents our being heard. Look upon him, he is a Catalan just come from the Philippine islands, where he has been a privateering. To look at him would you take him to be such a thunderbolt of war? Yet he has done prodigious feats by his bravery. He is going this morning to present a petition to the king, wherein he asks a particular post as the reward of his services: But I very much doubt whether he will obtain it, because he did not apply to the chief minister first.

AT his right hand, said Zambullo, there is a tall, bulky man, who seems to be giving himself airs of consequence. Were one to judge of him by his haughty air, he should be some rich nobleman. Far from it, replied Asmodeus, he is an Hidalgo, and wretchedly poor too, whose subsistence is a gaming-house he keeps under the protection of a nobleman.

BUT there is a licentiate that deserves richly to be pointed out to you; he at the first window, in deep discourse with a cavalier in light grey velvet. They are talking of an affair that was yesterday decided by the king, of which I will give you the particulars.

ABOUT two months since, this licenciado, who is a member of the academy of Toledo, published a book of morality, which shocked all the old Castilian authors. They found it full of bold expressions, and new-coined words.

Presently

Presently they enter into a confederacy against this very singular production : They meet and draw up a petition, which they present to the king, desiring him to condemn this book, as contrary to the purity and elegance of the Spanish tongue.

THE petition was thought worthy his majesty's consideration, who named a committee of three to examine the piece. They reported that the stile was really faulty, and so much the more dangerous, the more brilliant : And thus the king decreed upon that report, That under pain of his displeasure, two members of the same university, who write after the licentiate's manner, shall not compose any books for the future ; and likewise for the better preserving the Castilian tongue, that the places of those academicians, upon their demise, shall be filled up with persons of the first quality only.

A WONDERFUL decision ! cried the student, laughing. The partizans of the vulgar Castilians have now nothing to fear. Pardon me, replied Asmodeus ; writers, who are enemies to this noble simplicity which charms sensible readers, are not all of the academy of Toledo.

DON Cleofas was desirous to know who that cavalier in light grey velvet was, whom he saw engaged in conversation with the licentiate.

tiated. He is, said the cripple, a Castilian, and a younger brother, an officer of the Spanish guard, and, I assure you, a man of a great deal of wit. But to make you a judge of that, I will tell you a repartee that he made yesterday to a lady in very good company. For to make you understand it, you must know he has a brother whose name is Don Andreas de Prada, that was for some years an officer in the same corps he is now in.

A RICH farmer of the king's revenue one day came up to Don Andreas, and accosting him, said, Signior de Prada, I bear the same name as you, but our families are different. I know you are of one of the best in Catalonia, and at the same time that you are not rich; as for me I am rich, but of a very mean family. Could there be no way of sharing between us the advantage which each of us enjoys separately? Can you get at your patents of nobility? Yes, said Don Andreas. Well then, replied the farmer, if you will give me a share in them, I will put them into the hands of an able genealogist, who shall go to work upon them, and make us cousins in spite of our ancestors; upon which consideration, I will by way of acknowledgment present you with thirty thousand pistoles. Is it a bargain? Don Andreas was tempted by the sum, accepted the proposal, put his musty old originals into the

the farmer's hands, and, with the money he received, bought a considerable estate in Catalonia, where he has ever since lived.

Now the younger brother of that gentleman, who had no advantage by the bargain, was yesterday at dinner, where by chance this Signior de Prada, the farmer of the king's revenues, happened to be talked of; and thereupon a lady in the company, addressing herself to the young officer, asked him if he was not a relation of his. No really, madam, replied he, I have not that honour, it is my brother.

THE student, vastly pleased with so diverting a repartee, burst out into a laugh; but of a sudden seeing a little man running after a courtier, he cried out, Good God! how many bows that little man following the nobleman is making him! Certainly he has some favour to ask. What you are remarking upon there, said Asmodeus, well deserves the trouble of telling you the occasion of so many civilities. That little man is an honest citizen that has a pretty neat box near Madrid, at a place where there are mineral waters in some esteem. This house he lent without any expectations to that lord for three months, who went thither to drink the waters. The citizen is at this instant most heartily entreating him to serve him on an occasion that offers, and the nobleman is very politely refusing him.

I MUST not let that cavalier of plebeian race escape me, who is pressing through the croud, and giving himself airs of quality. He is lately grown very rich in a small time by the science of numbers. He keeps as many domestics as a grandee, and his table for delicacy and abundance exceeds that of the prime minister. He has one equipage for himself, one for his wife, and another for his children. The finest horses and mules in the world are to be found in his stables. And the other day he bought and paid ready money for a rich set of harnesses, which the prince of Spain cheapened, and thought too dear. Insolence! said Leandro: Were a Turk to see this merry fellow flaunting it thus, he would be apt to think that his good fortune was just going to give him the slip. As for what may happen I know not, said the cripple, but I cannot help thinking like a Turk.

BLESS me! what do I see, continued the dæmon with astonishment! I can hardly believe my eyes. I see a poet in the hall who should not be here. How dares he venture hither, after having lampooned several of the chief of the Spanish nobility? Sure he must depend upon being hated by them.

CONSIDER attentively that honourable person who comes in leaning upon a squire; see how every body gives back to make way for him.

him. It is Signior Don Josepho de Reynaste and Ayala, recorder of the city. He is come to give the king an account of what happened last night at Madrid. Pray do but observe the old gentleman.

REALLY, said the student, he has the look of an honest good man. It were to be wished, replied Asmodeus, that every corregidor would chuse him for their pattern. He is not one of those turbulent spirits that do every thing out of humour or passion. He will not commit a man upon the single evidence of a bailiff or clerk. He knows too well that such people generally are mercenary, and capable of committing the basest actions under his name and authority. Wherefore, when a man is to be committed, he sists the affair till he has found out the truth. And indeed he never sends an innocent man to prison. The guilty only are committed by him. Nor does he leave even them to the barbarity that is exercised in such places. He visits those unhappy people himself, and takes care that no inhumanity shall be added to the just severities of the law.

WHAT a delightful character is this, cried Leandro, and what an amiable man must he be! I should be glad to hear him talk to the king. I am extreamly sorry, answered the dæmon, that I am obliged to tell you, I cannot

not comply with your desire without laying myself open to be insulted. I am not allowed access to crowned heads, that would be encroaching upon the rights of Leviathan, Belfegor, and Ashtaroth. I have already told you that those three spirits are in possession of the privilege of engrossing all sovereigns. Other dæmons are forbid appearing in courts; and I do not know what I was thinking upon when it came into my head to bring you hither. I own it was taking a very rash step. If those three devils should light on me, they would fall upon me most furiously, and, between you and I, I should have much the worst of it.

SINCE we are in such ticklish circumstances, replied Leandro, our best way would be to make off as soon as we can. I should be mortally grieved to see you worried by your brethren, without being able to assist you; for were I to take your part, I fancy you would be little the better for me. No, without doubt, replied the dæmon, they would not feel your blows, and you would sink under theirs.

BUT, continued he, to make up for not being able to introduce you into a monarch's closet, I will give you a satisfaction which is well worth that which you must lose. At these words, he took Don Cleofas by the hand, and winged him towards the monastery de la Merci.

C H A P.



C H A P. X.

Of the captives.

THEY both alighted upon a house near the monastery, at the gate of which there was a great concourse of people of both sexes. What a world of people are here ! said Zambullo; what public ceremonial makes them flock together in such numbers ? It is, answered the dæmon, a ceremony you have never seen, though it is what happens at Madrid every now and then. Three hundred slaves, all of them subjects to the king of Spain, will be here in a moment. They are come back from Algiers, from whence the fathers of the redemption have ransomed them. All the streets they are to go through will immediately be crouded with spectators.

INDEED, replied Leandro, it is a sight I have never yet been very fond of seeing, and if that be what your Lordship reserves for me, I must tell you plainly you should not have cried it up to me so much. I know you too well, answered the cripple, to believe the sight of the unfortunate will be an agreeable amusement to you : but when I tell you, that at the same time I shew them you, I design to
let

let you into such remarkable particulars as occur in the captivity of some of them, and the perplexity that others will find themselves in at their return home, I am persuaded you will not be sorry that I have given you this diversion. Oh no ! if the matter be as you represent it, cried Zambullo ; what you tell me alters the case, and you will oblige me by keeping your promise.

WHILST they were thus talking, they heard a great shout, which came from the mob at the sight of the captives, who advanced in this order ; they marched two and two in their slaves habit, with their chains about their necks. A great number of monks de la Merci, who had been to meet them, walked before, mounted upon mules, whose housings were black serge, as if they were leading up a funeral procession, and one of these good fathers carried the standard of the redemption. Then came the captives, the youngest first, the most aged followed, and behind them brought up the rear a monk of the same order as the first, mounted upon a small horse, and this reverend friar had altogether the air of a prophet. Indeed he was the head of the mission ; he attracted the eyes of the spectators by his gravity, as well as by a long grey beard, which helped to give him that venerable aspect ; and on the countenance of this Spanish Moses was

to be read the inexpressible joy he felt at bringing back so many Christians to their own country.

THESE captives, said Asmodeus, are not all equally transported at recovering their liberty; and if there are some amongst them who are rejoiced at being so near seeing their relations again, there are others who are afraid lest, during their absence, something may have happened in their families more cruel to them than slavery itself.

THOSE two, for example, that walk foremost, are in the latter case. One of them, a native of the little village of Velilla, in the kingdom of Arragon, after having been ten years a slave amongst the Turks, without hearing any thing of his wife, will find her married to a second husband, and mother of five children that are none of his own. The other, the son of a clothier of Segovia, was carried off by a corsair near sixteen years ago. He is afraid, after so many years, that the face of the family may be very much altered, and his fears are not without foundation, for his father and mother are dead, and his brothers, who have divided the estate, have, by their ill conduct, since spent it.

I AM examining the face of a captive, said the student, who by his air seems delighted with being no longer exposed to the bastinado.

The

The captive you are looking at, answered Asmodeus, has great reason to be rejoiced at his deliverance; for he knows that an old aunt, whose sole heir he is, is just dead, and that he is going to enjoy a splendid fortune. This is the circumstance which so agreeably takes up his thoughts, and gives him the air of satisfaction you observe in him.

BUT it is not so with the unfortunate cavalier that is next to him. A cruel uneasiness incessantly torments him, and this is the occasion of it.  the time he was taken by a pirate of Algiers in passing from Spain to Italy, he loved, and was beloved by a fair lady, whose fidelity he suspects was not proof against the impatience and uncertainty of his return. And has he been long a slave? said the student: Eighteen months, replied the daemon. Why then, said Leandro, I fancy this lover gives too much into an unnecessary and unjust fear. He has not put his lady's constancy to a sufficient proof, to be excusable for thus alarming himself. Nay, but you are mistaken though, replied the cripple; for his princess no sooner heard he was a slave in Barbary, than she provided herself with another gallant.

WOULD you think, continued Asmodeus, that man walking next the two we have been talking of, and whose thick red beard renders him dreadful to look at, would you, I say, think

think that man ever was a very pretty fellow ? Yet nothing is more certain, and under that frightful figure you see a hero whose story is so uncommon, that I will give it you.

THAT tall youth's name is Fabricio; scarce was he fifteen when his father, a rich husbandman of Cinquello, a great market-town in the kingdom of Leon, died, and shortly after his mother ; so that being the only son, he remained master of a considerable estate, which was committed to the administration of an uncle, a man of probity. Fabricio ended his studies, which he had then already begun, at Salamanca, and afterwards learnt riding, fencing, and in a word neglected nothing that could contribute to make him appear amiable in the eyes of Donna Hippolita, the sister of a pretty gentleman, whose dwelling was about two musket-shot from Cinquello.

THE lady was perfectly handsome, and much about the same age as Fabricio, who being used to see her from his infancy, had, as it were, sucked in his love for her with his milk. Hippolita too had eyes to see he was not ugly : but knowing him to be the son of an husbandman, disdained to look on him with much attention. She was insufferably proud, as well as her brother Don Thomaso de Xaral, who perhaps had not his equal in all Spain for
his

his poverty, and the pride that puffed him up upon account of his nobility.

THIS haughty country-gentleman dwelt in a house which he called his castle, but which, to give it its due, was no more than a heap of rubbish, it was so near falling to the ground. Yet though his estate would not allow him to repair it, and though it was as much as ever he could do to make both ends meet, still he must have a valet to attend him, and his sister a negro woman besides.

IT was a diverting sight to behold Don Thomafo make his appearance at the town on Sundays and holidays, dressed in a suit of crimson velvet, that looked as if he had employed a barber to shave it, and a little hat, with a rusty yellow plume of feathers in it, which he kept by him the rest of the week as carefully as relicks. Thus equipped in these splendid tatters, which he looked upon as so many proofs of his nobility, he strutted like a lord, and thought he sufficiently repaid the low bows that were made him, by a look or a nod. His sister was not less conceited of the antiquity of her family, to which folly she added that of being so unconscionably vain of her beauty, as to live in a continual expectation of being demanded for a wife by some nobleman of the first rank.

SUCH were Don Thomafo and Hippolita.
Fabricio

Fabricio was well acquainted with it ; and in order to insinuate himself into the good graces of these two vain glorious persons, resolved to flatter their vanity by a shew of respect, which he did with so much art, that the brother and sister at last vouchsafed to allow him from time to time to come and pay his obeisance. Being as well acquainted with their poverty as their arrogance, he often longed to make them an offer of his purse, but was always prevented, by the fear of shocking their pride, and thereby making them his enemies. At last, however, his ingenious generosity found means to assist them, without making them blush. Signior, said he one day to our gentleman, I have two thousand ducats which I would deposite in some friend's hands, be so good as to keep them for me, and you will oblige me vastly.

It is needless to ask whether Xaral consented. Besides his being so wretchedly poor, he had the right conscience for a trustee. He readily took the sum, and as soon as he got it into his hands, without ceremony, employed a good part of it in repairing his castle, and providing himself with all manner of necessaries. A new suit of very fine blue velvet was ordered and made at Salamanca; and a green feather bought there likewise, robbed the old yellow plume of the glory which it had enjoyed from time immemorial of adorning the noble scull

of Don Thomasa de Xaral : The fair Hippolita came in likewise for her share, and was entirely new-cloathed from top to toe. It was thus Xaral run out the sum he was entrusted with, without ever considering it was not his own, and that he should never be able to repay it. But these things never disturbed him; nay, he even thought it but reasonable, that a plebeian should pay for the honour of a gentleman's acquaintance.

BUT Fabricio had foreseen all this, imagining at the same time that his ready money might soften Don Thomaso into a greater familiarity, and Hippolita, by degrees accustoming herself to bear his assiduities, might at last pardon him the boldness of aspiring to a lady of her quality. Indeed, he had freer access to them than before, and they shewed him more civility than they used to do : But a man that is rich is always well received by the great, whenever he will make himself their milch-cow. Xaral and his sister, who before had never known what money was, but by report, no sooner found how useful it was, but were of opinion such a man as Fabricio deserved a little complaisance. They treated him with a respect and attention that charmed him. He thought his person was now not disagreeable to them, and that they had assuredly reflected, that gentlemen, to keep up their nobility, were every

every day obliged to have recourse to alliances with plebeians. This thought, which flattered his passion, made him determine to ask Hippolita in marriage.

THE first favourable opportunity he could find for speaking to Don Thomaso, he told him he passionately desired to be his brother-in-law, and that in order to enjoy this honour, he would not only quit him of the two thousand ducats he had in his hands, but would likewise make him a present of two thousand pistoles besides. The haughty Xaral reddened at this proposal, which awakened his pride; and in his first impulses of passion could hardly forbear discovering all the contempt he entertained for the son of a country farmer. Yet how much soever he resented this rash attempt of Fabricio, he smothered it, and, without any signs of contempt, answered, that he could not immediately determine such an affair upon the spot; that it was proper Hippolita should be consulted upon it, and that there should be a meeting of relations.

HE sent away the lover with this answer, and in fact called a diet, composed of a few Hidalgos of his neighbourhood, who were related to him, and whose brains were turned with pride and poverty, like his own: He held a council with them, not to ask their opinions whether he should grant his sister to Fabricio,

but to contrive how they should punish this young insolent wretch, who, notwithstanding his mean birth, had dared to aspire to the possession of a young lady of Hippolita's quality.

AFTER he had laid before the assembly the audaciousness of the attempt, at the very name of Fabricio, the son of a farmer, you might have seen the eyes of all these nobles sparkle with rage. Each man vomited fire and flame at the criminal. They all were unanimous that he ought to breathe his last under the bastinado, to expiate the affront he had done their family by the proposal only of so shameful a match. However, upon mature deliberation, the result of this important diet was, that the criminal should escape with life; but to teach him not to forget himself for the future, they should play him a trick which he might have cause to remember a long while.

SEVERAL mean rascally expedients were proposed, and at last they concluded upon this: that Hippolita should pretend to favour Fabricio's addresses, and that under colour of alleviating the lover's pain for Don Thomaso's refusal, she should make him an appointment to come one night to the castle, where, the moment of his being let in by the Negro woman, people posted there on purpose should surprize him with that wench, and oblige him by force to marry her.

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THE sister of Xaral at first gave into this villainous contrivance without reluctance. She looked upon it that her reputation, and the honour of her family, required she should resent the affront of having a marriage proposed to her, by a man so much below herself. But this haughty disposition soon gave way to emotions of pity; or rather love at one blow made himself master of the proud Hippolita.

FROM that moment she considered things with another eye. She looked upon the obscurity of Fabricio's birth as amply made up by the shining qualities he possessed; and saw nothing in him but a cavalier that deserved her tenderest affection. Admire, continued Asmodeus, admire the prodigious alteration that love is able to produce. This very lady, who imagined that a prince deserved her, in an instant becomes in love with the son of a farmer, and encourages his addresses, after having rejected them with disdain and indignation.

SHE gave herself up to the inclination that hurried her away, and, far from submitting to become an instrument of her brother's resentment, carried on a secret correspondence with Fabricio by the means of the Negro woman, who sometimes by night introduced him into the castle. But Don Thomaso had some suspicion of what passed; he began to suspect

His sister, he watched her, and was convinced by his own eyes, that, instead of complying with the intentions of the family, she betrayed them. Immediately he acquainted two of his cousins of it, who kindling into rage at the news, began to cry out, Vengeance, Don Thomaso, vengeance! Xaral, who wanted no prompting to demand satisfaction for an offence of this kind, answered them with a Spanish modesty, that they should see the use he could make of his sword, when there was occasion for him to use it in defence of his honour. He then desired them to be at his house on a night which he appointed them.

THEY were very exact to their appointment. He let them in himself, and hid them in a little room, without being perceived by any of the family; he then left them, saying he would come and let them know, so soon as the gallant should have set his foot within the castle, provided he should think fit to come that night; and this happened accordingly: for as the ill fortune of our lovers would have it, they had appointed that very night for a private interview.

ALREADY was Fabricio with his dear Hippolita; and they had begun upon a topic which they had gone through a hundred times, and yet, though repeated without intermission, has still always the graces of novelty, when they

they were disagreeably interrupted by those cavaliers that were upon the watch in order to surprize them. Don Thomafo and his two cousins came all three courageously pouring in upon Fabricio, who had but just time to draw, and who judging by this action of theirs, that they intended to murder him, fought desperately. He wounded them all three, and still presenting the point of his sword, was so lucky as to get to the door, and make his escape.

UPON this Xaral finding his enemy had escaped him, after dishonouring his family, unrevengeed, turned his fury against the unhappy Hippolita, and plunged his sword into her heart; and his two cousins, mortified to the last degree with the ill success of their designs, each of them went home with their wounds.

LET us break off here, continued the dæmon; when we have seen all the captives go by, I will make an end of my story, and inform you how, after all his estate had been confiscated on account of this fatal adventure, he had the misfortune, in a voyage, to be taken prisoner, and carried off as a slave into Barbary.

WHILST you was in your story, said Don Cleofas, I could not help taking notice of one of these unfortunate people, a young fellow

who looks so dejected, so languishing, that it was as much as I could do to forbear interrupting you to ask you the reason of it. Nor will you lose your labour, answered the dæmon, for I can satisfy your curiosity. That slave, whose sorrowful looks struck you, is the only son of a good family, at Valladolid. He has been two years in captivity with a patron, who has an exceeding pretty wife; and his wife was violently in love with her slave, who returned her love by a very tender passion. The patron, suspecting something, made haste to sell the Christian, for fear his business at his house might be the propagating of Turks. The tender-hearted Castilian has ever since without ceasing bewailed the loss of his mistress, and his liberty is not able to make him easy under it.

AN old gentleman with a very good aspect attracts my eyes, said Leandro Perez; pray who may he be? It is a barber of Guipuscoa, answered Asmodeus, who is returning to Biscay, after a forty years captivity. When he fell into a corsair's hands in a voyage from Valencia to the island of Sardinia, he had a wife, two sons and a daughter, of whom he has now only one son left, who, more fortunate than his father, has been at Peru, and is returned with immense riches to his own country, where he has bought two fine estates. What an exquisite

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site pleasure is this ! exclaimed the student ; what transport it must be to that son to enjoy his father again, and to be in a condition to make his last days happy and easy !

You talk like a tender affectionate child, replied the cripple ; but the Biscayan barber's son is of a tougher make. The unexpected return of his father will give him more uneasiness than pleasure ; and instead of taking him home into his house at Guipuscoa, and sparing nothing to shew how overjoyed he is at recovering him, he may perhaps make him one of his game-keepers.

BEHIND the barber is a little Arragonian physician, as like an ape as one drop of water to another. He had not been a fortnight at Algiers ; for as soon as the Turks understood what profession he was of, they refused to let him stay amongst them, and chose rather to give him up without any ransom to the fathers of the redemption, who were far from intending to redeem him, and have with the utmost regret brought him back to Spain.

FOR goodness sake tell me, said the student, who that very odd four looking fellow is, who walks by himself with a shambling gait, and his hat over his eyes. He is, answered Afmodeus, a very odd fellow indeed, and the ill-nature in his countenance proceeds from having no body to talk to. He is one of those disa-

greeable people whom Horace has set a mark on by the name of question-askers or praters. Not content with the produce of his own brains, he is continually upon the hunt into other people's affairs for some circumstances to administer ease to that restless prating humour, so shocking to all mankind. And this fellow is so signally unfortunate that way, that an eighteen months slavery of his own, together with that of the whole ship's crew, is owing to this very silly habit of asking impertinent questions.

For whilst he was enquiring of the pilot the longitude and latitude of several places, the knowledge of which could never be of the least use to him, the pilot, diverted from his observations by the young man's impertinence, suffered the ship to run upon a bank of sand, which gave an Algerine rover time to come up with them, and make a seizure of her and all that was in her. While you live, continued he, avoid such company, trifling at best; they are good for nothing but to disturb the pleasure and repose of society: and if they happen, for the plague of mankind, to be ill-natured with their curiosity, there is no mischief they are not capable of.

You need not fear my profiting by this piece of advice, replied Zambullo, for my own sake at least. Very well, said Asmodeus, then let us resume the thread of our observations, which

which that good-for-nothing creature has broke in upon. Observe that other slave that has a little brown cap upon his bald pate. You that have such a tender feeling of others misfortunes, alas! how much would you pity him, did you know the sufferings he has undergone in twelve years slavery at Algiers under an English renegade, to whose lot he fell. And who is that unhappy man? said the student. He is a Franciscan friar, answered the dæmon. I must own I am very glad he has suffered like a wretch as he is, since by his discourses of morality, he prevented above a hundred Christian slaves from taking the turban.

AND I must tell you with the same frankness, replied Don Cleofas, that I am sorry the good father has been so long at the mercy of a Barbarian. You are as much in the wrong to be afflicted, as I to rejoice at it, answered Asmodeus. For this holy priest has profited so much by his twelve years sufferings, that it is much better for him to have passed that time in torments, than in his cell to combat temptations which he would not at all times have been able to have overcome.

THE captive that comes immediately after the Franciscan, said Leandro Perez, looks very composed for a man just come out of slavery. He raises my curiosity to know who he is. You are before-hand with me, replied the crip-

ple, I was going to point him out to you. In him you see a citizen of Salamanca, an unhappy father, a mortal grown insensible of misfortunes, by having run through so many. I have a great mind to relate to you his sad story, and take no more notice of the captives; and, indeed, after him there are few whose adventures are worth mentioning.

THE student, already tired with seeing so many sad figures, answered, he desired nothing better. Upon which Asmodeus began the story contained in the following chapter.



C H A P. XI.

Of the last story with which Asmodeus entertained Don Cleofas : How, as he was making an end of it, he was suddenly interrupted, and in what a disagreeable manner Zambullo and he were parted.

PABLOS de Bahabon, son of an Alcalde of a small town in Old Castile, after having shared with his brother and sister a small inheritance which their father, though a covetous man, had left them, set out for Salamanca, with a design to compleat his studies in that university. He was well made, had
wit,

wit, and was then in the twenty-third year of his age.

WITH a good thousand ducats, and a very generous disposition, he did not long fail of being talked of in the city. All the young people strove for a share in the friendship and entertainments which Don Pablos every day gave. I say *Don*, for he had assumed that title in order to support his pretensions to a greater familiarity with such students, whose nobility might otherwise have obliged him to behave with greater reserve. But so much did he love diversion and good company, and so little did he manage his purse, that at fifteen months end his purse was eased of its burden. However, he still made a shift to rub on, as well by the means of credit he had given him, as of a few pistoles he borrowed; but that could not go far, and he soon remained without resource.

UPON this, his friends finding he could no longer treat them, forbore their visits, and his creditors began to wait upon him; and though he assured the latter that in a few days he expected bills of exchange out of his own country, yet some of them grew impatient, and pursued him closely with bailiffs, so that he was on the point of being arrested, when as he was walking by the side of the river de Tormes, he met an acquaintance, who accosted him thus: Signior Don Pablos, take care of
yourself,

yourself, for I must tell you, there are several bailiffs in pursuit after you, and they intend to lay hold on you, as soon as ever you set your foot within the town.

BAHABON, terrified with this piece of intelligence, which but too well agreed with the state of his affairs, immediately made off towards Corita : But left the road with intent to gain a wood that was in his view, into which he threw himself, resolving to lie concealed there, till night should come on, that so he might pursue his journey with more security. It was a season when the trees were adorned with all their leaves ; he chose the thickest, and got up into it, and there sat upon its branches, the leaves of which entirely concealed him.

THINKING himself safe here, the fear of bailiffs soon vanished : and as men make the finest reflections in the world, when their faults are committed ; so he called over all his ill conduct, and resolved, if ever he should see himself rich again, to make a better use of his money ; but above all, he swore never more to have any thing to do with those false friends who draw young fellows into debauchery, and whose friendship passes away with the fumes of their wine.

As he busied himself in these reflections, that crouded into his mind one after another,
night

night came on. Upon which, disengaging himself from the branches and leaves that covered him, he was preparing to get down, when by the feeble light of the moon, that was then new, he thought he discerned the form of a man. At sight of this, his former terrors returned, and he fancied it was a bailiff, who, having traced him, was looking for him in this wood; and his fear increased upon seeing the man sit down at the foot of the tree where he was, after having walked two or three times round it.

ASMODEUS stopt short in his story here; Signior Zambullo, said he to Don Cleofas, give me leave for a few moments to divert myself with the perplexity I see I have at present put you into. You are very much in pain to know who the man could be that came so unluckily thither, and what business could bring him into the wood. This is what I am going this moment to tell you. I will not abuse your patience.

THE man, after sitting down at the foot of the tree, whose thick foliage hid Don Pablos from him, rested himself for a few minutes. He then began to dig the earth with a poignard, and made a deep hole, wherein he buried a leathern bag; he then filled up the hole, covered it carefully with moss, and went away. Bahábon, who had observed all this with

with the greatest attention, and whose fears were changed into transports of joy, waited for the man's being at a distance, that he might come down from his tree, and dig up the bag, in which he did not doubt but he should find either gold or silver. To this end he made use of his knife, but had he had none, he found himself so eager for the work, that with his hands only he would have penetrated to the very centre of the earth.

As soon as he was in possession of the bag, he began to sound it, and, persuaded there was money in it, he hastened out of the wood with his booty, not so much then fearing to meet a bailiff, as the man to whom the bag belonged. Transported as he was with so lucky a hit, he walked nimbly all night long, without keeping any road, without feeling any fatigue or inconvenience from the burden he was laden with. But at break of day he stopped under some trees, pretty near the town of Molorido, not so much indeed to rest himself, as at last to satisfy the curiosity he had to examine into the contents of his bag. He therefore untied it with that agreeable trembling you feel upon the approach of any vast pleasure. He therein found a parcel of good double pistoles, and to crown his joy, counted to the tune of two hundred and fifty.

HAVING contemplated them with excessive
delight,

delight, he began to bethink himself very seriously what course he should take; and when he had formed his resolution, fastened up his doubloons in his pockets, threw away the bag, and went to Molorido. He enquired out an inn, where, whilst his breakfast was preparing, he hired a mule, and that very day returned to Salamanca.

He soon perceived, by the surprize every body shewed at his return, that the reason of his disappearing was no secret; but he had his story ready. He pretended, that having occasion for money, and receiving none from his own country, though he had written for it twenty times, he had resolved to go thither himself; and that the day before, just as he got into Molorido, he had met his steward with money. So that he now found it was in his power to undeceive those who imagined him a man who had no fortune. He added, he intended to shew his creditors they were in the wrong to drive an honest man to extremities, who long ago had paid them, had his stewards been more punctual in remitting him the rents of his estate.

In reality, the next day he sent for all his creditors, and paid them to the last farthing. The same friends, that had deserted him in his want, no sooner knew he had a fresh supply of money, but they came flocking in upon him, and once more began to flatter him, hoping to divert

divert themselves again at his expence. But he laughed at them in his turn, and mindful of the promise he had made in the wood, sent them away abruptly. Instead of following his former way of life, he turned his thoughts towards making a progress in the science of the laws, and study became his sole employment.

HOWEVER, you will say, he was all this while very conscientiously making use of the double pistoles that were not his own. I agree with you. And was only doing what four parts in five of mankind would do in the like case. Yet he intended some time or other to restore them, if by chance he should discover whose property they were. But relying upon his good intentions, he spent them without scruple, and patiently waited till he should find him out, which happened about a year after.

THE report spread about Salamanca, that a man of that town, called Ambrosio Piquillo, going to a wood to fetch a bag full of pieces of gold, which he had buried, had found nothing but the hole he had dug to bury them in, and that the honest poor man was thereby reduced to beggary.

I MUST say in praise of Bahabon, that the secret reflections of his conscience at hearing this were not thrown away. He enquired where Ambrosio lived, and made him a visit in a little poor habitation, where all the furniture

was

was a stool and a wretched bed. Friend, said he, with an hypocritical air, I have heard the report of the sad accident that has befallen you; and as charity obliges us all to help one another as far as we can, I am come to bring you some small assistance. But I should be glad to hear your unfortunate adventure from your own mouth.

SIGNIOR cavalier, answered Piquillo, I will tell you in two words; I had a son who used to rob me, I perceived it, and being afraid he might lay his hands upon a leathern bag, wherein I had two hundred and fifty good doubloons, I thought I could not do better than bury them in a wood, whither I had the folly to carry them. Since that unfortunate day, my son took all that I had, and ran away with a woman whom he had debauched. Finding myself quite reduced by the debaucheries of this wicked son of mine, or rather by my foolish indulgence of him, I had recourse to my leathern bag. But alas! the only hopes of subsistence which I had left me were cruelly torn from me.

THE poor man could not utter these words without a renewal of his affliction, and shedding abundance of tears. Don Pablos was greatly moved at this, and said to him; my dear Ambrosio, we must not lay the crosses we meet with too much to heart; your tears are of
no

no service, they will never fetch back your money, which is really lost to you, if it be fallen into the hands of any villain. But who knows, but your double pistoles may have fallen into an honest man's hands, who to be sure will restore them as soon as he knows to whom they belong. Come, perhaps you may get them again, do not despair of it; and in the meanwhile, added he, (at the same time giving him ten of those very doubloons that came out of the leathern bag) here, take this, and come and see me in eight days. Having spoke thus to him, he told him his name, and where he lived, and went out of the room quite confounded at the thanks poor Piquillo returned, and the prayers he put up for his prosperity. Such are for the most part all generous actions; we should be far from admiring a great many of them so much as we do, did we know the motives from whence they proceed.

AT the eight days end, Piquillo, who had not forgot Don Pablos's commands, went and made him a visit. Bahabon made very much of him, and said very affectionately to him, Friend, upon the good character I have had of you, I am determined to contribute my utmost towards setting you up in the world once more again. I will employ both my credit and my purse.

As a beginning, continued he, do you know
what

what I have done? I am acquainted with some persons of distinction who are extremely charitable, I have been with them, and have moved them to pity you so much, that I have collected two hundred crowns for you. At the same time he went into his closet, and came out in a moment with a linen bag, wherein he had put that sum in silver, and not in doubloons, lest the man might suspect the truth of the matter, by receiving so many double pistoles. Whereas by this artifice he obtained his end with more security, which was to make restitution in such a manner as might reconcile his conscience with his reputation.

AND indeed poor Ambrosio was far from thinking those crowns a restitution. He sincerely took them for a collection made for him, and having again humbly thanked Don Pablos, returned to his little cottage, blessing heaven all the way for having raised up a friend, who so warmly interested himself in his behalf.

THE next day he met a friend in the street, whose affairs were not at all in a better posture than his own, and who said to him, in two days I am going to Cadiz, in order to embark on board a ship that is shortly to set sail for New Spain. I do not like the way of life I am in here, and my mind tells me I shall succeed better at Mexico; I would advise you to go with me, if you can raise only a hundred crowns.

I COULD do such a thing as that, answered Piquillo, without any trouble, and should have no objections to undertake the voyage, were I sure of a livelihood in the Indies. Whereupon his friend boasted the fertility of New Spain, and laid before him so many ways of growing rich, that Ambrosio, giving into his friend's views, thought of nothing but of preparing to set out for Cadiz. But before he left Salamanca, he took care to send a letter to Bahabon, wherein he tells him, that having met with a very good opportunity of going to the Indies, he had a mind to make use of it, in order to try whether fortune would be kinder to him in a new country than she had been in his own; that he took the liberty of informing him of it, and of assuring him he would preserve an everlasting remembrance of his favours.

AMBROSIO's departure gave Don Pablos some uneasiness, as he thereby saw the scheme he had laid, by little and little to discharge his conscience, quite disconcerted. But considering that in a few years the good old man might return to Salamanca, he at last made himself easy, and applied himself more than ever to the civil and canon laws, and made so great a proficiency, as well by his application, as the quickness of his parts, that he became the most shining member of the university, and was at last chosen rector of it. He was not content with
supporting

supporting that honour by his profound learning, but took such infinite pains with himself, that he adorned his mind with every civil and social virtue.

WHILST he was rector, he heard that a young fellow of Salamanca had been committed to prison upon an accusation for a rape, and was upon the point of being executed. Baha-bon upon this remembering that Piquillo's son had carried off a woman, he enquired who the prisoner was, and finding that it was actually the same, he himself undertook his defence. One admirable circumstance in the science of the law is, that it furnishes arguments on both sides, and as our rector was a compleat master of it, he made an excellent use of it in defence of the criminal. It is true he joined to it the credit of his friends, and the strongest solicitations; which indeed did more than all the rest.

THE criminal got himself honourably acquitted, and went to thank his deliverer, who said thus to him; I have served you, but it was in regard to your father; I love him; and to give you a fresh instance of it, if you have any thoughts of continuing here, and living honestly, I will take care to provide for you; if, as your father has done, you have a mind to take a trip to the Indies, you may depend upon fifty pistoles whenever you please to call for them. Young Piquillo made him this answer: Since

I have the honour of your lordship's protection, I should act very wrong to leave a place where I enjoy so great an advantage. No, my lord, I will remain at Salamanca, and do protest to you, that my conduct shall be such as shall please you. Upon this declaration, the rector put twenty pistoles into his hands, saying, Here friend, take these, take up some honest profession, employ your time well, and rest assured, that I will not desert you.

ABOUT two months afterwards, it happened, that young Piquillo, who from time to time used to pay his respects to Don Pablos, one day appeared before him all in tears. What is the matter with you, said Bahabon? Sir, answered the son of Ambrosio, I have just heard a piece of news that stabs me to the very heart. My father has been taken by an Algerine rover, and is actually in chains. An old man of this town, who is returned from Algiers after a ten years slavery, whom the fathers of la Merci have lately redeemed, just now told me he left him there a slave. Alas! added he, beating his breast, and tearing his hair, wretch that I am! It was my debaucheries forced my father to hide his money, and quit his native country! It is I that have delivered him up to a barbarian, who now loads him with fetters! Ah! Signior Don Pablos, why did you rescue me from the hands of justice? Since you loved my father, you should

should have been his avenger, and suffered me, by my death, to have expiated the horrid, horrid crime of having been the occasion of all his calamities.

AT this discourse, which shewed a rakish son reformed, the rector was moved with the grief which the young Piquillo testified. My child, said he to him, it is with pleasure I see you repent of your faults; but dry up your tears. It is sufficient that I know what is become of Ambrosio, to assure you that you shall see him again. His liberty is to be purchased with a ransom, and that I take upon myself; and whatever misfortunes he may have suffered, I am persuaded, that when he returns, and finds in you a discreet affectionate son, he will no more complain of his ill fortune.

By this assurance, Don Pablos sent away the son of Ambrosio full of joy, and in a few days afterwards, Bahabon set out for Madrid, where, upon his arrival, he put into the hands of the fathers of la Merci a purse of an hundred pistoles, with a label, on which these words were written: "This sum is given to the fathers of the redemption, for the ransom of a poor citizen of Salamanca, called Ambrosio Piquillo, a captive at Algiers." Those good fathers, in their last voyage to Algiers, did not fail to comply with the rector's directions. They

have redeemed Ambrosio, who is that slave whose composed air you so much admire.

BUT methinks, said Zambullo, Bahabon is now out of Piquillo's debt. Don Pablos is not of your opinion, answered the cripple. He intends to return him both principal and interest. His nice conscience is even scrupulous of enjoying the riches he has acquired during his rectorship. And when he sees old Piquillo again, he intends to address him in this manner: "My dear friend Ambrosio, no longer look on me as your benefactor; in me you see the thief who dug up the money that you had hid in the wood. It is not sufficient, therefore, that I make you restitution of the two hundred and fifty double pistoles; for as it was by means of that I came to enjoy what I now do, all I am worth belongs to you; I will retain nothing for myself but what you please, and"—Here Asmodeus stopped short; he was suddenly seized with a fit of trembling, and his colour changed.

WHAT is the matter with you? cried Don Cleofas; what extraordinary emotion shakes you so, and makes you stop short? Ah, Signior Zambullo, cried the dæmon with a faltering voice, how unfortunate I am! The magician, who confined me in the phial in his laboratory, has perceived that I have escaped. He is going to call me back, by such powerful conjurations

tions as are impossible for me to resist. How sorry I am! said the student, with some concern; what a loss is this to me! Alas! we are going to part for ever. I do not believe so, replied Asmodeus; this magician may stand in need of my assistance; and if I have the good fortune to do him any service, he may, perhaps, in gratitude, give me my liberty. If that should happen, according to my expectations, depend upon it I shall soon be with you, on condition you never reveal to any one what has passed this night betwixt us; for should you be so indiscreet as to impart it to any body, I tell you beforehand, you will never see me more.

ONE thing comforts me a little, that though I am obliged to leave you, it is not before I have made your fortune. You will marry the beautiful Seraphina, whom I have inspired with a passion for you; and Signior Don Pedro Escolano has come to a resolution to marry her to you. Do not let slip so excellent an opportunity to make your fortune. But, bless me! added he, I already feel the incantations of the magician. All Hell rings with the terrible words pronounced by this formidable cabalist. I cannot stay a moment longer with you. Adieu, dear Don Cleofas. Thus saying, he embraced Zambullo, and, after seeing him safe to his lodgings, vanished.



C H A P. XII.

*What Zambullo did after Asmodeus had left him:
and in what manner the author has thought
proper to conclude this work.*

AS soon as the devil upon two sticks was gone, Don Cleofas, finding himself fatigued with having been all night without ever once sitting down, and in such extraordinary motion besides, undressed, and went to bed to take a little rest. His spirits were so agitated he could hardly get to sleep; but, at last, paying Morpheus that tribute, which all mortals owe, with usury, he fell into a dead sleep, in which he continued that whole day and the following night.

IN this condition he had remained for four and twenty hours, when Don Lewis de Lujana, a young gentleman of his acquaintance, came into his chamber, crying out as loud as he could, Hola! Signior Don Cleofas, arise; get up! At this noise Zambullo waked. Do you know, said Don Lewis, that you have been asleep ever since yesterday morning? That is impossible, answered Leandro. And yet nothing can be more true, replied his friend: You have slept

slept the clock round twice. Every body in the house has assured me it is fact.

THE student, astonished at his having been asleep so long, was at first afraid that his adventure with the devil upon two sticks was no more than an illusion. Yet he could not think so neither, and when he recalled some particular circumstances, he no longer doubted but what he had seen was real. However, to ease his doubts, he got up, dressed with all haste, and went out with Don Lewis, whom he carried towards the gate of the sun, without telling him any reason. When they were there, and Don Cleofas perceived Don Pedro's house almost burnt to the ground, he pretended a surprise. What is this I see? said he, What horrible devastation the fire has made here! To whom belongs this unfortunate house? Is it long since it was burned?

DON Lewis de Lujana answered his two questions, and thus pursued his discourse: The vast damages of the fire make less noise in this city, than a circumstance I am going to tell you. Signior Don Pedro de Escolano has an only daughter, fair and beautiful as the morning. They say she was in a room filled with fire and smoke, where she must inevitably have perished, and she was rescued, notwithstanding, by a young gentleman, whose name is not yet known. It is the common topic of every con-

versation in Madrid. The cavalier's bravery is cried up to the skies; and it is believed, that though he be nothing more than a private gentleman, he may very well obtain the daughter of Don Pedro, as the reward of so brave an action.

LEANDRO Perez listened to Don Lewis without shewing he was the least concerned in what he was talking of; and disengaging himself upon an excuse he feigned, he went to the Prado, and sitting down under some trees, fell into a deep reverie. Immediately the devil upon two sticks came into his mind. I cannot, said he, too much regret my dear Asmodeus. He would in a short time have carried me all over the world, and I should have made that tour without any of the inconveniencies that generally attend travellers. Doubtless I have a great loss; but, presently added he, perhaps it is not irreparable. Why should I despair of seeing him again? It may happen, as he himself said, that the conjurer may immediately give him his liberty. Then thinking of Don Pedro and his daughter, he resolved to make him a visit, pushed on by the curiosity alone of seeing the beauteous Seraphina.

THE moment he appeared before Don Pedro, that nobleman ran and embraced him with open arms, crying out, Welcome, generous cavalier. I began to be angry with you. How, said

said he, after the pressing instances I made Don Cleofas to come and see me, is he still absent from my eyes? How ill does he return the impatience I feel to testify the esteem and friendship I have for him!

DON Cleofas hung down his head out of respect at so obliging a reproach, and excused himself to the old gentleman by telling him, he feared a visit would have been unseasonable in the confusion he judged he must have been in the day before. That excuse will not satisfy me, replied Don Pedro; a visit can never be unseasonable from a man in a house, where, had it not been for him, a most inexpressible grief would have reigned: But, added he, be pleased to follow me, you have other thanks to receive besides mine. At these words, he took him by the hand, and led him into Seraphina's apartment.

THAT lady was just come from prayers; Daughter, said her father, I am come to introduce the gentleman to you, who so bravely saved your life. Shew him how sensible you are of the great favour he did you, since the condition you was in the day before yesterday would not permit you to do it then. Upon which Signiora Seraphina, opening her rosy lips, addressed herself to him in a compliment that would charm all readers, could I repeat it word for word; but as I have had the misfortune to

receive but an imperfect account of it, I chuse rather to pass it over in silence, than spoil it.

I SHALL only say, that Don Cleofas imagined it was a divinity he saw and heard, and that he was at once taken by the eyes and the ears. Immediately he conceived a violent passion for her. But far from considering her as one he was sure of marrying, he doubted, notwithstanding all the devil had said, whether so glorious a reward was to be the recompence of a service they imagined he had done them. The more charming she appeared to him, the more he doubted whether he should obtain her.

WHAT confirmed him in his uncertainty of obtaining so great a blessing, was, that Don Pedro, during the long conversation they had, never touched once upon that string, and only loaded him with civilities, without hinting the least desire to be his father-in-law. Seraphina too on her side, as polite as her father, turned the discourse wholly upon gratitude, without making use of any expression that could give Zambullo room to think that she had an affection for him. So that he took his leave of Signior Escolano with a great deal of love, and very little hope.

My friend Asmodeus, said he to himself in his way home, as if he had still been with the cripple, when you assured me that Don Pedro was inclined to make me his son-in-law, and that

that Seraphina burnt with a lively flame which you had inspired her with for me, you must have intended to make yourself merry at my expence, or else you must own that you know as little of the present as the future.

ZAMBULLO was now sorry he had visited the lady, and, looking upon his passion for her as an ill-fated love he ought to conquer, resolved to spare no pains to get the better of it. He went farther, he reproached himself with his eagerness at pushing his design, supposing he had found the father inclined to grant him his daughter, and he looked upon it as shameful to owe his happiness to an artifice.

He was still full of these reflections, when Don Pedro, sending for him the next day, began thus: Signior Leandro Perez, it is time for me to prove by my actions, that when you obliged me, you did not do a good office to one of those grandees, who, were they in my place, would repay your services with a little court holy-water. But I intend that Seraphina herself shall be the reward of that danger you run upon her account. I must tell you too, that I have found her to be my own daughter, in the proposal I made her of marrying her deliverer. She shewed her joy, by a transport that has convinced me her gratitude equals my own. It is a thing determined on, you shall have my daughter.

AT these words, the good Signior de Escolano, who expected Don Cleofas would have returned his most humble thanks for so great a favour, was surprized to see him stand speechless and confounded. Speak, Don Cleofas, said he, What am I to think of the disorder my proposal has put you into? What can have set you against her? Ought a private gentleman to refuse any alliance by which a grandee would think himself honoured? Has the nobility of my family received any stain, of which I am ignorant?

SIGNIOR, replied Leandro, I am but too sensible of the distance which heaven has placed between us. Why then, replied Don Pedro, do you hesitate at an offer which does you so much honour? Come, be ingenuous, Don Cleofas, you are in love with some lady to whom you have given your faith; and it is she whose interest at this time stands as a bar to your advancement. Had I a mistress, to whom I might have engaged myself by an oath, answered Zambullo, without doubt no reason should induce me to violate my engagements. But it is not that which prevents my accepting your favours. The nice notion I have of honour commands me to forego the glorious establishment you design me, and far from intending to take any advantage of the error you are in, I am going to undeceive you: I am not Seraphina's deliverer.

WHAT

WHAT do I hear! cried the old Escolano with astonishment: Was it not you that rescued her from the flames that were going to devour her? Was it not you that performed so brave an action? No, my lord, answered Zambullo. Vain had been that attempt to any mortal man, and I will plainly tell you it was a devil that saved your daughter.

THESE words encreased Don Pedro's astonishment, who thinking he ought not to understand them in a literal sense, desired the student to explain himself more clearly. Upon this Leandro, without giving himself any pain for Asmodeus's friendship, told him all that had passed between the devil and himself. Escolano then resumed the discourse, and said to Don Cleofas: The confidence you repose in me confirms me in my design of giving you my daughter. You are originally her deliverer; if you had not begged of the devil upon two sticks to rescue my daughter, he had infallibly suffered her to perish. It is you therefore that have preserved Seraphina's life. In a word, you have deserved her, and I offer her to you, with the half of my fortune.

LEANDRO Perez, at these words, which at once removed all his scruples, threw himself at Don Pedro's feet, in order to thank him for his great goodness. Shortly after the wedding was celebrated with a magnificence suitable to the

heirefs of Escolano, and to the great joy of the
parents of Don Cleofas, who was thereby well
recompenced for the few hours of liberty which
he had procured the devil upon two sticks.





COMIC AND SERIOUS
DIALOGUES

Between some Chimneys of MADRID.

DIALOGUE I.

The Chimney A. and the Chimney B.

A. **M**Y dear neighbour, I am quite ruined and undone; The Lares, my protecting Gods, now freeze by my hearth, and the same coldness seizes me all over. B. What you say surprizes me. How has this terrible distemper seized you? And what is the reason you are so suddenly changed from hot to cold? for I have ever seen you all in a fire. A. Alas, I am obliged to follow the fate of my friend, the scholar and the poor man.—B. What has befallen him? A. O! the greatest of calamities. His income, that is to say, the profits of his pen, are quite put a stop to. B. I can't say,

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say, neighbour, that I yet understand you. A. Why then I'll explain myself. I speak of an author. His finances depended on the sale of small pamphlets calculated for amusement, which he composed, and they have forbid all writings of this kind. B. What, did these pamphlets maintain him? A. Yes; and at his ease too; for he did not take up his time in correcting and publishing a volume; he entertained the public with these flying numbers, at least seven or eight in the year. B. What a pity it is to deprive the world of the industry of so good a hand! and how comes it they prohibit writings of amusement, the very best things in the world? The public love to be entertained, and why are they not at their liberty to buy what pleases them? A. You are certainly in the right, and this prevailing taste makes both for authors and booksellers. But then this is the ground of the clamour against that sort of writings; they say that nothing is wrote now-a-days, but low nonsense and mere baubles; and that posterity will distinguish this age for the *Age of romances, and all kinds of futulity*. They say, moreover, that there is a general depravity of taste; that these detached numbers are a real tax upon the public; that by this means a romance is swelled to an intolerable size; and that an author is now actually proposing a scheme, to divide one of them into
three

three hundred and sixty five parcels; that he may be able to supply his customers every day in the year. B. Why, after the thousand and one nights, the thousand and one days, the thousand and one quarters of an hour, and so many other thousand and one things, I think they may very well put up with a romance divided into no more than three hundred and sixty five parts. A. Judge then, if they ought to find fault with my author, who, in no work, has ever divided beyond number eight. Indeed, my dear friend, I am sorry for you, as I am for the chimneys of all authors and booksellers, who will soon become as cold as yours. A. It is but cold comfort for the afflicted to have others as wretched as themselves. B. You are to be pitied; and I do pity you; what else can I do? Besides, I must tell you freely, long ago I have heard many people say, it was high time to check that prevailing taste for low, trifling amusements, and to put a stop to romance-writing. A. What is this you say? B. Yes, it is true. And men of discernment, who are unprejudiced, say now, that this prohibition is of great service to polite writing. That people ought to have some useful end in view, or not write at all. This is their judgment upon the affair, and every one come into their sentiments. A. But is not that which pleases at the same time useful? B. Yes, what gives pleasure is so far

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far useful. But besides the utility arising only from pleasure, readers of taste want something solid and instructive, something that has its foundation laid in the real truth of manners. For instance, the Devil upon Sticks is so far a romance, but at the same time more instructive than a treatise of morality. There the fable is both agreeable and useful; that is, useful by joining pleasure with instruction. Let your author write such another, and I'll answer for his having permission to print it, provided, tho', he do not publish it in eight numbers; for that, you know, is plundering the publick to enrich the bookseller. A. Come, let us put an end to this conversation. One may easily observe that you are a chimney belonging to a change-broker. You are a tasteless, insipid creature, and ignorant, in the superlative degree, of every thing relating to literature; your narrow genius does not reach beyond a sum in addition; and I am ready to hang myself for having been so free with you, as I have been. B. What, do you insult me in return for my shewing such concern for your misfortunes? A. Is that shewing concern for one's misfortunes, to commend those who are the occasion of them? Go, once more, I tell you, you are as great a fool as him you belong to. B. For one that complains of being almost frozen to death, methinks you shew a good deal of warmth. But, in the mean time,

I desire you will let my brother alone; one dash of his pen is worth all the volumes of Parnassus. Every thing he writes is sensible, pleasant, and universally approved. And so long as his writings are but legible, I am not afraid of the cold; my hearth will be kept as warm as if it had been the everlasting fire of the vestals, and your poor chilled author will bless himself to be allowed to sit down by it. As for you, in spite of your ill usage of me, all the mischief I wish you, is, such another brother as mine, to put you into heat again.



DIALOGUE II.

The Chimney C. and the Chimney D.

C. **W**HAT a wonder! what a prodigy is this! Do you know, my friend, what has befallen me? D. Is it long since? C. About an hour ago. D. No, my dear neighbour, I know not; for I was obliged to assist at a marriage, which was celebrated in the room I belong to. C. A marriage! D. Yes, and a couple the best matched that can be. Lyfander and Celimene have taken me witness to their vows. The Penates, my household gods, were the only observers of their mutual engagements, and the faith they have plighted to each other.

No

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No body was present at this ceremony, excepting Lizetta, the faithful servant of Celimene. They are now enjoying the delights of this mysterious union. C. This marriage, to be sure, is very solemnly ratified. D. Why yes, I know as well as you, there are some little formalities wanting, but what then? Love will supply the place of all. They love each other, and I am convinced, let their parents do what they please, will continue so to do; and pray, do you find that common in marriages solemnised according to the rites of the church? C. No, really. Marriages, for the most part, are so many civil contracts, that bind two persons together for ever, who are so far from loving, that they generally hate one another, during the whole course of their lives. D. Well, I can answer for it, the bonds which unite Lysander and Celimene are more sacred and solemn, for they are the bonds of love. C. I congratulate you, my dear neighbour; and I like you all the better for interesting yourself so much in the happiness of lovers. It is what we owe them as confidants of their secrets; and I myself would do all in my power to serve them, which you will easily believe, when I tell you what has befallen me, which is pretty much such another affair as yours. You know the apartment I belong to is a real cell. D. Ay, and the cell of the lovely little Julia. C. Julia

was

was beloved by a very pretty fellow of an officer, named Trafon, and Trafon did not bestow his love on one that was ungrateful. D. Now, I was ignorant of that. C. There was nothing wanting to compleat their mutual happiness, but a favourable opportunity; and Julia's mother had more eyes than Argus. The cell where this fair creature lay was more inaccessible than the tower of Danae. D. Bless me, how learned you are! You understand the ancient fables. I suppose before you had Julia, some poet had studied by your fire-side. But since you mention the tower of Danae, you remember it could not keep out a shower of gold. C. True, and you remember also, that Danae was courted by Jupiter; and you know a God can change water and stones into gold; but Trafon's pockets had been pretty well drained by three campaigns, so that it did not at all suit him to have recourse to that expedient. D. What other expedient then did he fall upon? C. The most simple and obvious one that could be. He lives but just by; and without the help of any other magic than pure love, up he gets through his chimney to the ridge of the house, comes to the head of my chimney, which he easily removed; for I had no mind to prevent him; and then slides down through the funnel into Julia's chamber, supporting himself by his hands and his knees. D. Did she expect his coming?

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coming? C. No, she only wished it; and far from running with open arms to receive her lover, was in a great fright at seeing him come down. D. She fainted away, I warrant you. C. If she did not at first, she would have done so very soon. Come, none of your joking: This gallant of a chimney-sweeper threw himself at the feet of Julia, and she soon knew him to be her dear Trason. You never saw any thing more affecting than the situation they were both in at that time. This is the advantage we chimneys enjoy; we are witnesses to a thousand fights that men would pay any price for seeing. At present Julia's fears are over; she feels emotions of quite a different nature. D. There now, my good neighbour, in one night two marriages pretty much alike. C. Why, very nearly so, indeed. Though my couple not only exchange the solemn vow; but the consequences will, very probably, make the mother of Julia acknowledge Trason for her son-in-law; and I rejoice before-hand in the thoughts of what perplexity this good woman will be reduced to. D. And I in the delights her dear child at this instant enjoys.

D I A.



D I A L O G U E III.

The Chimney E. and the Chimney F.

E. **P**RITHEE tell me, good neighbour F, if you please, how you can, without being tired, put up with having no body besides your two old maids? For from morning till night no one comes near your fire-side; you have always the same people, and always the same subject of conversation. Indeed I should think that by this time your patience was wore out. F. I must indeed confess to you, that I frequently wish they would change their quarters; though, perhaps, in that case I should be hard put to it how to breathe, as, in all probability, I should not have so good a fire; for they are very devout, so of consequence take less care of their bodies than of their souls; especially when a certain abbot, whom I could name, comes to visit them; then they spare no cost; their kitchen then may vie with that of a lord, and the smoke I breathe upon is quite a perfume. E. As far as I can see, you love nothing but smoke. Well, every one to their own taste, I love variety. New faces and new adventures are my delight. I am, as I suppose you know,
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the chimney of a furnished lodging. F. And as such it is very happy for you that you are fond of variety. E. I am so fond of it, that I should be very sorry to see the same lodgers six months together; and have reason to be thankful that it is a thing never happened to me since the first moment of my existence. F. I suppose, then, you are not the oldest of your neighbourhood. E. No, not by a great deal; but for all that I believe I have the most experience. F. Impart to me then some of your adventures; I beg you to do it, as you would oblige a neighbour. E. With all my heart, if it don't weary you; and will begin from the time I first commenced chimney. He who first sat down by my fire, was the younger son of a good family, but of a country where the portion of younger sons consists only in their sword, joined to a happy impudence of bullying every one with their being born gentlemen. This talent my hero possessed in an eminent degree; but had another at the same time much more profitable; for he played with constant good luck, which was the effect of the most assiduous study; every day he was busy in calculating the various chances upon the cards, and at night put his theory in practice. F. He must, at that rate, have had always plenty of money. E. No, you are mistaken; for he spent it as fast as he got it; so that he was always

ways in want. Indeed sometimes he cut a great flash; that is a disease peculiar to his nation, but then it never lasted long. His good fortune incensed the students, who frequented the same nurseries of education against him, and they brought him into several scrapes, so that at the end of four months I lost him. He was, however, a mighty good lodger, and I to this day lament the loss of him. F. Who came in his stead? E. A man the most singular, perhaps, that ever yet lived. A husband faithful and affectionate even beyond the grave; that could not be comforted for the loss of his dear wife: in short, a phoenix of a husband. As soon as he came, he ordered his room to be hung with black, shut up his windows against the rays of the sun; and had no light in his chamber, but the pale glimmering of a lamp. Enclosed in this horrid gloom, his constant employment was incessantly to sob and shed tears. Very often, as if he had been possessed, he would speak aloud to an urn that stood upon a table covered with black cloth, and which he seemed to adore. He would converse with that precious relick, and talk to it as if it answered his passionate expostulations. F. 'Tis a chance but some spirit was enclosed in that same urn. E. A spirit! What a wiseacre you are! No, it was the heart of his wife; that was the object of his worship and adoration. F. This was tenderness

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derness of grief to excess. I can scarce give credit to what you tell me. E. Nor should I, if I had not been an eye-witness to it. I remember, sometime or other, to have heard one of my lodgers reading a book which mentioned a story of the same sort of fidelity, or madness, in an English philosopher, which I do not believe to this day, notwithstanding what I have told you; for an instance of this kind ought to stand alone. F. But how long did your lodger remain in this fit? E. Full three months. True it is, his eyes, the fountains of his tears, began to dry up; and refused to furnish him with fresh supplies of continued grief; and, by degrees, his devotions to the urn seemed to relish of form and ceremony. Happily for him; his relations found him out, and, of consequence, relieved him. I believe he yielded to the violence they made use of with only a seeming reluctance. However, away they carried him; and I was freed of this mournful guest. F. And, I suppose, did not much bewail the loss of him. E. Not in the least, I assure you. The room was afterwards let to a woman, at which I was very glad, as I had hitherto been acquainted only with men. A kind of quaker's dress, and a certificate of forty years marked upon her forehead, gave her a matron air, which struck me at first sight; and by what I had heard of devotees, I instantly judged

judged her to be one. F. Now perhaps you might be mistaken. E. I was very soon convinced of my error; for the woman was a woman of sense and conduct; she loved pleasure, yet regarded her reputation, and came from the country, a great distance off, to Madrid, that she might be sheltered from the malice of slander; and a very short time after, the gentleman on whose account she had undertaken the journey followed her. Bless me! how amazed I was at the first visit she received from her lover; she flew with transport into his arms; her demureness was changed into a wanton sprightliness, and the glow upon her cheeks effaced the wrinkles on her brow. F. A pretty lady for a devotee, truly. E. As she loved her man with all the violence of passion, she made use of every means to preserve her conquest. She was very well apprised that, at her age, it is allowed for women to embellish the charms of nature by art, and accordingly she used every thing she could for that purpose. F. And what arts, pray, must she use for that purpose? E. I will tell you. Besides black and white, which painted her complexion to what height of colour she chused, she called in every other thing to her assistance, dress, baths, and perfumes. She was at her toilet always till her gallant came, and repaired to it again immediately when he was gone away. She was continually at her glass,

practising the different airs, either sprightly or languishing, which she imagined might do execution. As for the artillery of endearments and caresses, that she was perfect mistress of. F. With all that, methinks, it was hardly possible she could miss of making herself beloved. E. But then she had other charms infinitely more powerful over the heart of a young lover. She was liberal and rich, and one must have a heart of brass not to love a generous mistress. But the appointed days of man are numbered: when these two lovers were now at the height of mutual felicity, the gallant fell sick, and expired a few days afterwards, notwithstanding all the assistance that could be administered by the most skilful physicians. F. The lady, no doubt, took on mightily. E. Yes, she wept, resumed her former demure air, and went back into her own country, to edify her neighbours by her example. My chamber was not long empty; it was taken by another woman, who was, by profession, a go-between, a match-maker. F. A rare kind of business, truly. E. It is a business that is very common. Negotiators of this sort require a deal of address, and this good lady did not want for that. She carried the proposals, procured interviews, and very often brought the matter to a final conclusion. How many of those contracts have been ratified in my apartment! She would make a
 younger

younger brother, not worth a shilling, pass for a gentleman of fortune, and set off a demirep for a pattern of illustrious virtue. F. What a surprizing woman this was! E. All this she could do with the greatest ease, and could draw in the most cautious and wary; so that by her dexterity she had got a handsome fortune; but at last she began to have scruples, and her remorse carried her so far, that she retired into a convent, there to repent of her former scandalous life. Thus a fit of devotion deprived me of this experienced brokeress. F. Well, but happily for you, the natural indifference of your temper prevented your lamenting the loss of her. E. That is true; however, after her I had a great many people of common characters in life, men and women, for example, that were concerned in law-suits, a very troublesome kind of lodgers, or people who came from the country to see what a clock it was at Madrid, and returned home, for the most part, as wise as they came. But it now begins to grow late, so, neighbour, I wish you a good night; another time when we meet I will give you some more original characters whom I have had at my fire-side. F. Good neighbour, farewell; I shall not neglect to remind you of your promise.

F I N I S.

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